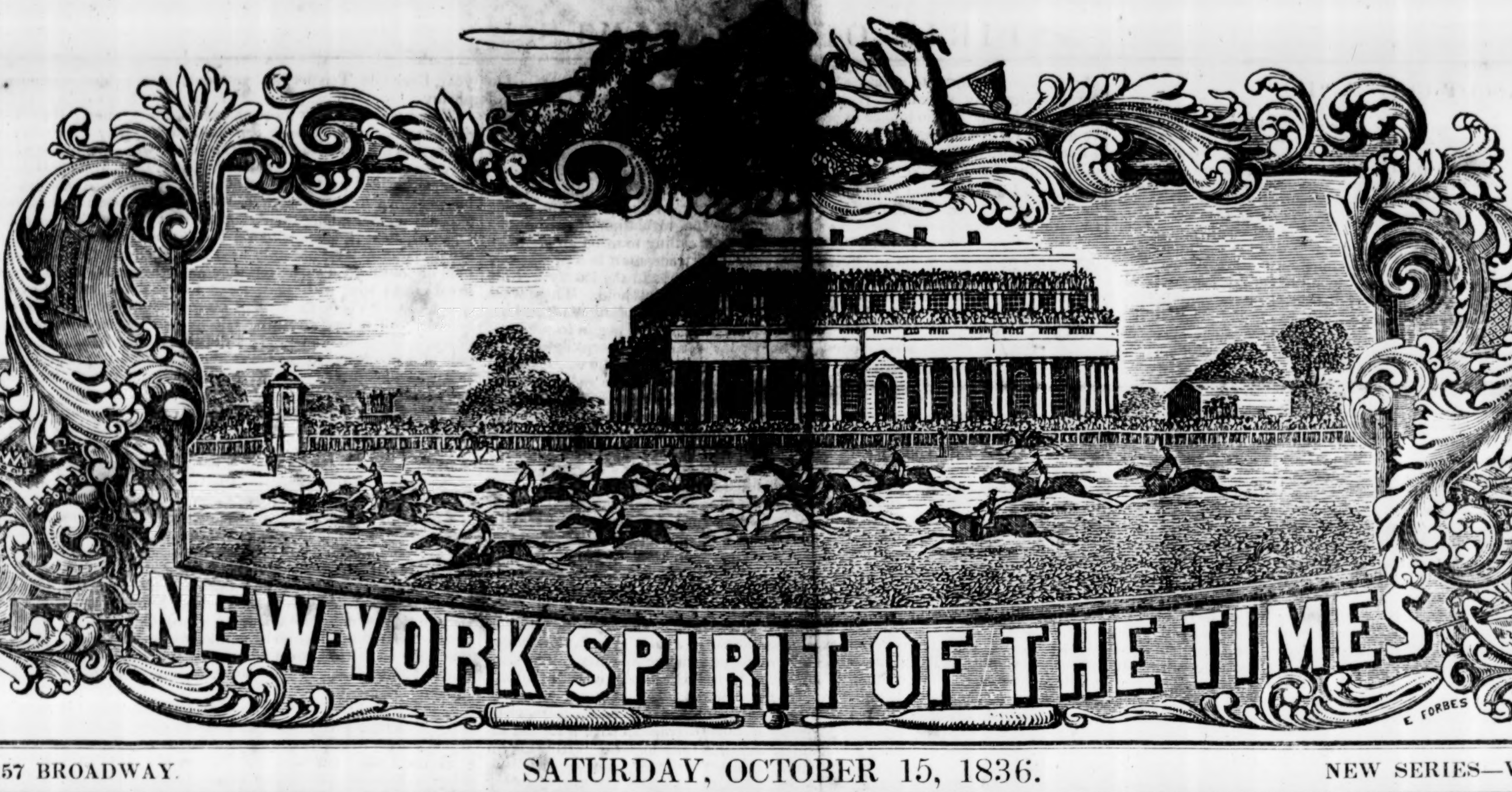

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 35.

BARON HACKETT, THE COMEDIAN.

HENRY JAMES HACKETT, BARON HACKETT, of Jamaica, King's County, Long Island, State of New York, United States of America! How this record of friend Hackett's *Baronetcy* will make the Londoners stare, who have seen his Falstaff and Nimrod Wildfire, when declared by the Commissioners of the British Peerage! And as Hamlet says, "to this complexion he must come at last," if he survives the present holder of the title and estates, a very fine old gentleman of sixty, by the way, whom Hackett, his rightful heir, brought over with him from Holland.

The "family secret" that our friend Hackett, the comedian, either was, or one day would be, the heir to a title and the baronial estates, has long been bruited abroad in domestic circles, and the discussion of the fact among his friends has frequently afforded him a hearty laugh. Indeed, he of all others, seemed least interested in the matter, nor has the establishment of the fact altered him a whit from the good-looking, good-hearted, and good-humored fellow we have known him for years.

As the story was told to us by a fellow passenger from Europe—and indeed it is one not ill calculated "to paint a moral or adorn a tale"—so we relate it in brief to our readers. It seems that when Mr. Hackett was first a "Jonathan in England," or, to be serious, when he first went abroad, he was charged by his maternal and only surviving parent, to take steps for the establishment of his claims to a title and estate, to which many of his intimate friends in this country supposed he might, by possibility, be entitled. Mr. H, however, felt so much real delicacy upon the subject, and the attempt to ferret out his connexion with a titled family was so repugnant to the stern republican principles which had been instilled into his mind from boyhood, that without a thought upon the matter, except to smile at the incredulous hopes of partial friends, he returned from his first professional tour no wiser, so far as his "baronetcy" was concerned, than when he left his native land.

When he bade his friends adieu, a second time, on a visit to Europe, it was particularly charged upon him by his relatives and the friends of his family, to solve the doubts that existed upon the subject of his claims, by applying to the proper quarter. His professional duties over, Mr. H. accordingly proceeded to Dublin, (his family being of Irish extraction) and on application to the Garter King at Arms, to his really great surprise, he was informed, after a brief interview, that his testimonials were undoubted—that his progenitors, who were Barons in their own right, emigrated to Holland nearly a century and a half since, to fight the wars of the States General. Upon this hint Mr. H. sailed for the Hague, and by a most fortunate and singular circumstance, (which we have not time to relate at this moment), encountered the very gentleman he was in search of to procure some information of his family. This gentleman was Baron Von Hackett himself, upon whose demise our worthy friend claims as next of kin, his title and estates. May he live long to enjoy them, though, for we hear he is a very fine old gentleman, as full of good humor as was Rip Van Winkle, when, out of the reach of his vrow's broom handle, he played at bowls with Hendrick Hudson and his roystering crew, in the recesses of the Kaatskill Mountains. Baron Hackett has no family, and so much pleased was he with his newly-discovered heir, and his Yankee Stories, that he resolved to accompany him to America, and if ever the reader drives past a beautiful villa on the Jamaica turnpike, about five miles from New York, and sees an old gentleman frolicking with half a dozen chubby-faced, flaxen-haired boys, on the grass plot in its front, he will be sure, if his feelings respond to ours, to remove his hat and wish health and prosperity to Baron Hackett and his heirs.

MISS CLIFTON IN BOSTON.

Eminently popular as was this gifted young lady in this, her native city, her success in Boston exceeds the most sanguine expectations of her friends. The critics of the Literary Emporium have unanimously proclaimed her, as they should, the brightest star in the theatrical firmament, and the citizens of the Modern Athens have, with one mind and one voice, pronounced her, not only the most beautiful and accomplished woman, but the most splendid actress of the day.

Last week we gave extracts from a few of the leading daily journals of Boston, in which were expressed their "first impressions" of Miss Clifton's sterling histrionic ability; and in the Courier and Enquirer of Thursday morning, we remarked extracts from five several daily papers of that city, in all of which the same enthusiasm was manifested in regard to her genius, her beauty, and acquirements. From the Boston papers received to-day, we make the following brief quotations as expressing the opinions of one of the most critical and intelligent audiences in the Union.

From the Boston Morning Post.

"By Jupiter, an angel! or if not,
An earthly paragon."

Miss Clifton's Belvidera, was, if possible, a more highly finished piece of acting last night, than her *Bianca* on the evening previous. The audience was very large, and appeared during the whole performance to be spell-bound by the magic influence of beauty, grace and genius. The fine and melodious intonations of her voice in reading the more delicate portions of the text, and its full swelling tones in passages of greater power and excitement, were most happily modulated, and added much to the great success of her personation. *Bianca* and *Belvidera* have established her fame here as one of the brightest stars in the histrionic firmament, and won the admiration of all who have seen her in those arduous parts.

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

Josephine Clifton.—This young lady was happily successful last night, in producing a most favorable impression. The audience was numerous, and a large portion were ladies. Severe critics by the by, when one of their own sex is the subject. There was but one universal expression of delight, and there could be but one. Her figure is majestic, and almost faultlessly proportioned.—So tall and yet so well formed and graceful an actress we have never seen. Her face is beautiful, and full of expression. Her voice is not voluminous but is rich, round and melodious. Her action is unembarrassed, and her gesticulation exceeding graceful.

As an actress, she far surpassed all expectation. Her reading was very correct and beautiful. Her style, as suited to the passage or the situation, was fascinatingly quiet or startlingly impassioned, but never tame nor tempestuous. She will take the town by storm. The New Yorkers—if they claim her as their own—know not what a diamond they possess. We must teach them her value.

From the Daily Times.

Miss Clifton.—This beautiful and accomplished American Lady, whose extraordinary tragic powers have attracted crowds and won the admiration of the London critics, will make her first appearance in Boston, at the Tremont Theatre this evening. Having seen this Lady in several of her principal characters, we pronounce her one of the best actresses since the days of the almost matchless Mrs. Siddons.

From the American Traveller.

Tremont Theatre.—Miss Clifton appears to have taken the theatrical world completely by storm. The press, the social circle, the drawing room, every clique and coterie seem to vie with each other in lauding her beauty, grace, dignity, her extraordinary talents and accomplishments; and she is now, by common consent, elevated to a lofty, if not the highest, niche in the temple of dramatic fame. We were prepared, from the representation of Southern and Foreign journals, to find in Miss Clifton much to admire and applaud, but we could hardly believe, until convinced by the evidence of our own senses, that she was fully entitled to the extravagant eulogiums of our gallant contemporaries. Our doubts are now entirely removed. She is indeed the queen of actresses on the American boards—the rarest of the rare, and the loveliest of the lovely. We have seen her again and again, and each successive evening with increased interest and delight.

To-night she is to repeat the character of *Bianca*. It is well adapted to her powers, and elicited from the audience on her first appearance the most sincere and enthusiastic approbation.

Mr. Barry is reaping a rich harvest, and he deserves it for his judicious, liberal and persevering efforts to please.

From the Daily Advertiser.

Her motions and gestures are graceful, and there is a temperance in her action, which gives a smoothness to all she does. Her face is living with expression; the cloud and sunshine do not more distinctly vary the bosom of the lake than does the passions of the heart, her beaming countenance. Her hair and her eyes are dark; and though her complexion cannot be called *brunette*, the olive more than the lily there unites with the rose.

From the Daily Courier.

Miss Clifton.—This young lady has from nature what is most necessary to an actress, yet is oftenest denied her—great personal attractions. Her figure is graceful and commanding; her arms, particularly, are exquisitely formed, and her motions

"Suggest the more secret sympathy
Of the fair form that terminates so well."

The expression of her face is varied, and the profile is unsurpassed for sweetness and graceful beauty. So much premised, it were a pity if she did not play well—and she does! In her performance of *Julia*, in the *Hunchback*, on Thursday night, as we stated yesterday, she drew the highest applause from an audience composed of all the *elite* of Boston, and showed a fine, womanly, and passionate conception of the character. In the more energetic and impassioned scenes with which the play closes, she was especially happy, and with her rouge (which, by the way, she would do well to leave off, on the principle of "beauty unadorned")—with her rouge, we were saying, she got rid at once of all stage art, and played it out with nature. She has made an impression here which justifies the reputation and applause with which her playing was received in England, and she has the taste and talent to go on improving.

From the Daily Centinel.

Miss Clifton.—This lady made her first appearance in this city on Monday evening. To say that it was a decided hit is not enough; she disclosed powers suited to the highest walks of the drama. The character she assumed was that in which Miss Kemble made her first appearance in this city—*Bianca* in *Fazio* Her conception of her part is natural, and she performs with great animation and spirit. Her countenance is remarkably expressive, and instead of laboring to excite artificial passion, she appears rather to subdue within bounds the exuberance of emotion. Indeed, she possesses great natural powers, and young as she is, she bids fair to advance to the very foremost rank of professional excellence.

From the Commercial Gazette.

Miss Clifton garnered last evening another rich harvest of "golden opinions." The promise made by Bianca was more than sustained by Belvidera. The house was ravished with the majesty of her mein, the unclouded expression of her eyes, the melody of her voice, and her chaste and beautiful acting.

There! "Now what'll Mrs. Grundy say?" We might fill a page, if we should quote all the handsome things said of our fair townswoman. We trust the Bostonians will not "kill her with kindness," but restore her to us, improved by their suggestions and perfected by their taste. Impressed, as she is, with the liveliest sense of their courtesy and regard, on this her first visit to their city, her grateful impulses need no prompting, to prove, by her future endeavors, that she is not unmindful of their kindness, and that it was bestowed upon one not entirely unworthy of it.

Mr. FREDERICKS, a "bran-fire new" man, from England, played Virginius at the Park last week. He strangled Appius Claudius in the fith act, but the decemvir was avenged by his also murdering Virginius.

Mr. DENVIL, from Sadler's Wells and other London theatres, opened in Shylock last Monday, and has since appeared as Richard III. He enacted Gloster to the very life, that is to say, he was the impersonation of "that bloody and devouring *bore*," and here the likeness ends. Both this gentleman and Mr. Fredericks would be acquisitions to the stock company, but as *stars* their light might be very readily hid under a thimble.

Mr. HACKETT was cordially greeted after his prolonged absence. We hear he has several new dramas, that will be produced in the course of the season.

The receipts at the National last week amounted, the Managers state, to Ten Thousand Dollars! Celeste, Miss Watson, Morley, Plumer, and a capital *corps de ballet*, would fill any house, as they do the National, night after night.

DINNEFORD is coining money at the Franklin. BLAKE, his partner at Albany, is doing, as they say of an invalid, "as well as can be expected." BOOTH is at the Franklin, and fills it nightly from sill to rafters.

News from New-York via Boston! There is an *on dit* in the Boston papers that "Miss PHILLIPS, the actress, was married in New-York, on Monday last, [26th Sept.], to a wealthy young merchant!" We believe the report is premature. We cannot but remark the currency their designation of the groom as "a *wealthy young merchant*" of New-York, will give the name and family of that gentleman. Their readers will of course know him at once, we dont think.

Mr. HAMBLIN commenced the re-erection of the Bowery theatre on Tuesday. He appears to have abandoned his plan of fitting one up after the style of Astley's in London, as the Zoological Institute propose erecting one nearly opposite to him, for equestrian and dramatic performances, in the ensuing Spring. The new edifice Mr. H. proposes to erect on the site of the old theatre, and nearly on the original plan, though the accommodations for the audience are to be enlarged, so as to seat comfortably *eleven hundred* more persons than the old theatre. On Thursday afternoon, we understood a committee from the Board of Aldermen waited on Mr. H., and induced him to forego his intentions for the present, as the question of opening Canal-street through to the Bowery is under the consideration of the Board.

Miss NELSON.—The lessees of the Richmond Hill Theatre have engaged this lady, which now bears her name, being yclept "Miss Nelson's Theatre." Three weeks since it was "Mrs. Hamblin's Theatre." We hope Miss Nelson's success will enable her to *foot* the *bills* as readily as she gracefully *heads* those of that establishment.

Mr. HACKETT, Mrs. SHARPE, and Mr. GEORGE JONES were among the passengers brought by the Liverpool packet of the 16th. Jones opens at the National, if the Maid of Cashmere ever loses its attraction, which is somewhat doubtful at present. Hackett is playing at the Park, and Mrs. Sharpe is recruiting herself after a tedious voyage.

Caldwell opens the St. Charles theatre, New Orleans, on the 20th Oct. Parsons opens Russell's (the American) about the 1st of Nov.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA!

Important Sweepstakes in Tennessee.

The following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Gallatin (Tenn.) Course, in the order annexed:—

1 A Sweepstake, for the foals of 1836, to be run the Fall of 1839, Two mile heats.—Sub. $100, h. ft. Now 12 subscribers.

2. A Sweepstakes to come off on the second Thursday in May, 1837, Two mile heats, for colts and fillies then 3 years old.—Sub. $200, h. ft.; to name and close by the 1st of Nov. 1836; five or more to make a race.

Thomas Barry	names	bay colt, by Cock of the Rock, out of Patty Puff.
Woods S. Miller	"	ch. f. by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent.
James Jackson	"	ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney, g. d. by Greytail.

3. A Sweepstakes, to come off the Fall of 1840, Two mile heats, eight or more to make a race.—Sub. $1000, $250 ft.; to close and name on the 1st June, 1837, and to be run the Monday preceding the Jockey Club Races, by colts and fillies foaled the Spring of 1837.

Subs.:—James Jackson, Thomas Barry, James Kirkman, Bailie Peyton, L. P. Cheatham, and Robert Smith, Esquires.

4. A Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, to come off the day preceding the Fall meeting of 1838, for colts and fillies then 3 years old.—Sub. $100, h. ft. Subs.—

Robert Desha	names	b. f. by Leviathan, out of Eldegeret, by Oscar.
Geo. Elliott	"	gr. c. by Leviathan, out of Morgiana, by Pacolet.
Jesse Cage	"	gr. f. by Leviathan out of Fanny Maria, by Pacolet.
O. F. Bledsoe	"	ch. c. by Leviathan, dam by Dungannon.
Thos. Barry	"	ch. c. by Cock of the Rock, out of Patty Puff.
John Malone	"	b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Oscar.
Geo. Bledsoe	"	ch. c. by Cock of the Rock, out of Wertly Malone, by Sir Richard.
Jas. Jackson	"	ch. f. by Leviathan, out of White Feathers, by Conqueror.
W. S. Miller	"	ch. c. by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent.
Buford & Hall	"	br. c. by Cock of the Rock, out of own sister to Betsey Malone, by Stockholder.
L. P. Cheatham	"	gr. f. by Merlin, out of gr. m. by Pacolet, o.s. to Piano's d.
Robt. Smith	"	ch. f. by Leviathan, out of Parasol.

☞ Mr. BRANCH writes us from Washington, that several stables will be in attendance at the 2d Fall meeting on the Union Course.

☞ The races on the Central Course, Baltimore, commence next Tuesday. Col. SELDEN can safely promise the most capital sport: there will be a strong muster of fine men and horses.

On another page will be found an article from the Louisville (Ky.) Journal, on the recent match race between *Rodolph* and *Angora*. The writer "crows" a little, but the Tennesseeans won't mind that—lightning never strikes the same tree twice, and Tennessee will take her turn before a great while—there's no telling how soon. When Kentucky *does* "catch it," the "crack" will be a *linger!*

The time appointed for the Montgomery (Ala.) Races has been changed. Trenton, N. J., ditto. See List of "*Races to come*," on last page.

The beautiful Club boat *Wave* has been sold and shipped to New Orleans, the Club having resolved to procure a lighter boat, after the model of the *Ariel*. The Wave sold for $350. It is *almost* equal to parting with "*Old Ironsides*" to give up the Wave, which has been wont, under the lusty sinews of her gallant crew, to skim the waters of our glorious bay like a sea-bird.

The Ariel Club have been offered $450, and refused, for their boat, justly considered the finest eight-oared boat in the Union.

The *Eagle* was run into by a tow-boat one night last week, when laid up at Castle Garden, and stove. The Club have instituted legal proceedings for damages, laid at $300.

The New Era.—This paper is conducted with unusual ability, and bids fair to become one of the most popular and useful of the daily journals. The *Bell* of preparation that was sounded previous to the first form being *Locke*-d up, led us to suppose that the Era would be a pearl of great *Price*, but really and truly, it has turned out even better than we ever imagined. Success to it.

What *letters* are those which cannot be found in the Alphabet?
Those which are delivered at the Post-office.

THE ASCOT CUP. A "DO!"

"Suddenly through the howling of the tempest, the clear and steady voice of the captain was heard, shouting, 'Clear away the *Sheet Anchor.*'"—COOKE'S *Second Voyage.*

"Why, my lard, as I was going past the Royal Exchange, I meets Billy. 'Billy,' says I, 'will you sky a copper?' 'Done,' says he. 'Done,' says I, and done, and done's enough between two genmen. Vell, vith his hook em snivy up they goes. 'Music,' says I. 'Sculls,' says he; down they comes, three brown mazzards."—MISS EDGEWORTH'S *Irish Bulls.*

"Let them be well prepared, and *done brown.*"—*Complete Art of Cookery.*

TUESDAY evening, the 30th of May, saw a large party of men assembled in a gentleman-commoner's room in Christ Church, anxiously awaiting the news of the first day's running at Ascot, and calculating the probable odds for the Cup. The evening was warm and sultry, and the rooms displayed all the mingled luxuriance and negligence which usually characterizes life in Oxford. Every possible variety of arm-chair, sofa, and ottoman, were occupied by nearly every variety of the class of men called Undergraduates, intermingled with a few of older standing. The table was adorned with the relics of the coffee equipage, flanked by tall bottles, ominously labelled *brandy, rum, gin, whiskey, Hollands,* &c.—While one large bottle of Capillaire, denoted the experience of the worthy host with respect to the mysteries of Honest John Collins. At one end of the table was a huge jug of iced punch, close to which, if your eye were sufficiently practised to pierce the cloud of smoke, you would have seen an individual whose golden-tasselled cap denoted his rank, occasionally muttering with an imperfect English accent, and an inexpressibly jovial face, "I do love iced punch; do you not love iced punch?" There was no need of the huge box of weeds on the table to inform the most casual observer that the party patronized smoking; for, notwithstanding the windows were open, yet it required some minutes before an unpractised eye could see the various forms arrayed in every shade of dressing-gown, from the lordly purple surmounted by the velvet cap, to the plainer though cooler calico. At last the door opened and a man entered, whose neat brown cutaway, silver-handled whip, and jockey-like appearance, would have denoted him a sportsman, independently of his face. But oh, such a face! Wo to the fame of Mechi's magic razor strop! The freshest edge of the finest tempered razor would appear blunt when compared to the sharpness of those features. It is said that many thousand angels can dance on the point of a very fine needle; but I would wager my existence that there would not be room for two, without jostling, on the more acute features of my worthy friend.

"I will take Sheet Anchor against the field for a poney," said he, as soon as he had by a glance assured himself of his audience. "No doubt you would, Tom," cried a would-be-knowing freshman, "why they are betting 6 to 4 on him."—"Oh, well then," rejoined the other, "I do not care—I do not want to do you; I will take the field if you like it better." "Done! for a poney," said the freshman. "Done!" said a young Honorable, with a strong and nasal twang. And, "Done!" snored a little baronet with a long purse. "Done with you all for a poney round," exclaimed Tom, "and as there is no use hedging, I will sell any one my ticket of Sheet Anchor in the lottery. "What will you take?" cried several at once. "I will give you Touchstone and a five pound note." "You shall have it; he is sure to win, but a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

At this moment a very large man followed by a very little dog was seen crossing the Quad, with a whip in his hand. In a moment twenty voices summoned him: he had just returned from Ascot. The most imperturbable good-nature appeared in his phiz; corpulent he was and comely, a worthy representative of Friar Tuck. Slowly he approaches, humming the well-known air of Mrs. Bond. The door flies open, and "Who has won? What are the odds?" salute him on all sides.

"Beans," says he, "who says *pase;* have you got any thing to drink?" After swallowing a tumbler of iced punch, he exclaims, "I'll tell you what, my boys, Sheet Anchor don't go." "My G—! what an ass I am," sung out the honorable. "There's a poney gone," sighed the little baronet, *mais n'importe, quod dixi, dixi.*" "Well, who would have thought it," quoth the razor-faced Tom. "I'm in luck for once; but suppose we have a shy. I'll bet 2 to 1 I nick it against crabbing it."

"Bravo!" said they all; and the tables are cleared, and the shutters closed—but we'll draw a curtain over what followed.

A sight to dream of, not to tell,
Jesu Maria shield them well.

Thursday came, and with it every species of vehicle and horse were in motion, and all kinds of refreshment provided. Oriel men, it is said, took their tea-pots, and Jesus men stowed away ale and onions. The rest, to use the expression of the worthy John Sheard, cut it fat for one day, on 'ock, 'am, and champagne.

One of the most sporting equipages which left Oxford on that day, contained most of our Tuesday evening's friends. Lots of champagne and egg sandwiches were packed therein, and the Mitre boys, without their coats, were determined to go "the pace." Newnham and Nettlebed stared as they dashed along, their delicate complexions sheltered by green veils; but when they entered Henley Reach, a carriage appeared a head, which completely puzzled them. Prodigious rattling and smoke accompanied its progress, and they set it down at first for a steam carriage, but as they passed it, lo! it bore the appearance of a fly with horses three, the foremost ridden by an imp without "or coat, or boots."—By St. Patrick, (shrieked the portly personage before mentioned, as he took a glance at the interior), it is the ghost of a cigar disguised in a cut-away.

Aha! quoth he,
Full well I see
The devil knows how to smoke.

The course was cleared, the third bell rang, every voice was hushed, and every girl who had a pretty foot took care to display it on the carriage box. Then was the time to see nervousness displayed in all its forms; the lovely Lady C., who had thousands on it, swallowed a glass of champagne, while others made use of their cards in the same way that a child would its coral. The betting stand was a mass of heads, all endeavoring to appear unconcerned; but their flushed and feverish faces belied them. Hazard tables are deserted, and une, deux, cinq has a moment's rest. The horses canter by, the report is too true, and the *cookes* evidently seem to have thought that too many would spoil the broth.—Sheet Anchor remains in the straw, and Touchstone wins in a canter. The other races will doubtless be described elsewhere. All that I have to add is the mournful fact, that on mustering to return home, nine out of ten parties found they had no money to pay the turnpikes!

Your's truly, WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

London New Sporting Magazine, for July, 1836.

THE TURF IN 1836.

I believe that it is a practice in physic to recommend that a disease be permitted to grow in malignancy that its cure may be the more radical and complete. If a remedy for social maladies is to be found in similar treatment, it is fair to pronounce the crisis of the Turf is over, and the patient "as well as can be expected." When first I became professionally connected with racing, I learnt more of its details in a month than the former twenty years had developed, during which my acquaintance with it, though intimate, had been but as an amateur. That the system upon which it was generally conducted was deplorably bad, was sufficiently manifest; that the date of its reform might be procrastinated, but could not be finally adverted, was also clear; and adopting as the motto of *my* practice, that

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
If it were done quickly,"

I lost no time in commencing those notices of it which have from time to time, during the last two years, appeared in this work. At Newmarket, where its Parliament is held, a code of laws is in operation, than which nothing superior in legislative perfection ever had existence since the time of Solon. Taking these as a standard by which the custom at all other places of similar vocation should be regulated, it required a very moderate share of discernment to detect the abuses that, more or less, were to be found in the executive of the Provincial Turf. Everywhere either there was a *clique* in full work, with an acknowledged and irresponsible monopoly of the funds and management of the Meeting, or a mortal schism, in which the belligerent parties thrust the public interest and convenience to the wall.

In this condition were the two Great Metropolitan Meetings, Ascot and Epsom; and seeing that the latter was the case of most pressing emergency (inasmuch as the Committee and the funds were likely to realise the legend of the Kilkenny cats) I began it. I requested the public would take the trouble to understand, that out of twelve hundred pounds, or thereabouts, which by most accurate specification were stated to be subscribed and otherwise obtained solely for racing purposes, considerably less than a fourth was appropriated in support of such design. It is true the causes of the defalcation were most circumstantially detailed: yet so very indifferent was my philosophy, that for the life of me I could not see how it could interest a man dying of inanition to know by what agency he was deprived of his loaf. When an advocate has a good case, it argues small skill to tease a Jury with special pleading: thus I selected the heads of my brief, and left the inference to the common sense of those who had to pronounce the verdict. The assault upon corruption, begun in the affairs of Epsom, has in the present month ripened into a general action *quoad* Ascot, upon which devoted spot the whole artillery of the press had opened its fire. I know that it called for such castigation; and the result must be that which is ever consequent upon an energetic manifestation of public opinion.

With all individual respect, it must be admitted that the superstructure of mismanagement in both these places would appear to be founded upon a system peculiar to both; I mean that of hereditary Stewardships. At Ascot, as a matter of right, the Master of the King's Stag Hounds, while in office, presides; at Epsom, as a matter of courtesy, the Baron de Tessier officiates in perpetuity. Now the position of the Steward at the former place, being dependent upon the variations of the Cabinet, (in our days by no means the securest of tenures,) begat naturally a supineness among such Noblemen as chanced to be *locum tenentes;* while at the latter, the possession of a patent office, it is not a very unchristian judgment to suppose, generated an indolence commonly ascribed to persons similarly situated. If, as it is generally understood, the Mastership of the Royal Hounds is no longer to be a Ministerial appointment, good things may be argued for Ascot Races; for that office is in the possession of one whose spirit I know is with the prosperity of our National Sports, and whose disposition is of a complexion to receive counsel as to how they may best be advanced.

Epsom, I fear, must, like the motto of the Campbells, "bide its timh." There the tents are pitched upon inhospitable soil. I never read the statement of the Committee for conducting the races there, with its congratulations to the public for the victory over the Lord of the Manor, without calling to mind an anecdote that seems purposely made to illustrate its logic. A tradesman in a prosperous business happened to draw a prize of ten thousand pounds in the lottery. This accession of wealth capsized all the economy of his household. There were forthwith carriages for his wife, an army of *artistes* for his daughters, and his sons kept horses, and other necessaries. In a short space he began to progress towards the *Gazette*—his neighbors saw his jeopardy, and one more kind-hearted than the rest (he was an Irishman) questioned him touching the cause. Grateful for the consideration, the unhappy favorite of Fortune confessed that it was all owing to the unlucky prize, that it had turned the heads of all his family, and brought him to the verge of destruction. "Ah!" said his sympathizing friend, "to be sure that ten thousand *was* a bad job! but, never mind! be cautious, and all may go well yet: you've had a narrow escape of it, for if it had been *twenty thousand*, by Jove your ruin would have been complete!"

As the two Meetings that for so many years had monopolized so great a portion of the good things of the Metropolis began to wane in golden attractions, it served as a signal for their enterprising neighbors to put the best leg foremost. The first in the field was Reigate, whose spirited inhabitants came forward last year to sow a crop of good will, which we have seen they reaped plenteously from in the present season. Hampton, too, has started up as a formidable rival; and, as I prognosticated, our independence of Epsom, or any other mere locality, is sufficiently demonstrated.

While party feuds and gross mismanagement have done their work of mischief at Epsom, Ascot has received in the two last Meetings a taint of *mauvaise odeur* from a cause quite as fatal to its general character as a racing meeting. The Cup seems fated to be a poisoned chalice. The affair of Plenipo began the infection; I fear Sheet-Anchor has already corrupted the draught. In fact, from whatever sources the evil that has haunted that brilliant trophy arise, be they pure, or be they foul, it is quite time that measures be adopted to grapple with it for the future. Probably it is impossible to frame conditions by which the bettings upon the Derby and similarly-filled Stakes could be other than P. P.; but no such difficulty exists in dealing with a race like the Ascot Cup, where the traffic rarely commences till the strength of the field is pretty well understood. Or what is there to prevent bets being brought under the consideration of the Jockey Club as a court of Equity? A week or two ago a paragraph appeared in one of the London papers, asserting that at the time the odds were 5 to 4 *on* Sheet-Anchor for the Ascot Cup, an individual well known to be in the confidence of Mr. Cookes, *laid* 2 *to* 1 *agst. his horse* for the race, stipulating that the bets were all P. P. The name of the person who did this was given in full; no sort of reservation accompanied the statement. Now, this was, or was not, true; no opinion is here given on one side or the other; but in the event of any discretion being recognised whereby so honorable a society as the Jockey Club could take congnisance of such "questionable shapes," would it not be "a consummation most devoutly to be wished" for the welfare of the Turf?

The whole system of Racing is differently conducted than we find it when Play or Pay conditions originated. By the present custom of public training, if it have not yet occurred, it may happen, that every horse engaged in a particular race shall be in the same stable: look at the pull in that event against the speculators a hundred miles from the exercise ground. The head of the establishment shall be pure as unsunned snow; but in how many hands will be the secrets of the "Rubbing-horse?" Suppose a race with ten nominations, and five in one stable, how long will the relative chances of those that are "*to go*" be kept from those that ride the gallops? It becomes a secret worth knowing, and worth paying for, how to get a peep behind the curtain. True, those who suffer by the present plan deserve our commiseration the least: the Legs complain, and I believe justly, that now the Gentlemen have it all their own way. But how does this mend the matter? Something exists by which chicanery may be practised; shall it be permitted to continue, or shall it not? A recurrence of what we have twice witnessed at the same spot for the same event in two successive years cannot serve the cause of one of our first national sports: how for the future it may be remedied is surely a fitting consideration for those whom the general consent hath placed in authority.

It is not pleasant to see old accustomed favorites "rough hewn" that we have so long recognized as shaped for their purposes. Every-day experience, howevery, brings examples of it. York Spring *chassez croissez* with Liverpool Craven points the moral of supineness; and the rally of Chester in this year establishes the virtue of whipping your horses and putting the shoulder to the wheel. Newton also, like *Mingle* in the *Bee Hive*, proclaims that "industry must prosper." York, so long the glory of the Northern Turf, unless her sons bestir themselves, will have to succumb (if indeed she has not done so already) to the men of Lancaster. Again the strife of the Red and White Rose is up—may the best win!

At Newmarket the season has fully established the opinion I expressed of it from the first, that it would bring out probably the worst lot of three-year-olds ever known upon the Southern Turf. We have positively no three-year-old stock that can run—of course I mean in comparison with the performances of other years. All the great stakes have fallen to the portion of one colt (in my mind far from possessing any remarkable claims as a racer), in which he happened to be engaged, and he could have won all the others in a canter. We shall see what right his achievements give him to the reputation of a first-rate, when we turn to the performances of those opposed to him in his different races. That Bay Middleton is a great fine horse, I do not deny; of pedigree unimpeachable for speed, but with the Sultan stain without enough of that alterative which made Glencoe the winner of the Cup at Goodwood *malgrè* the impossibility. Notwithstanding his great success, his winnings could have done but little mischief to those who generally back the fields; for seeing that any odds taken about the rubbish brought out in the Spring meetings was actually like throwing the money away, traffic stood still for the Stakes in which he was engaged *at Newmarket.* Not so, however, for the great event at Epsom; the office had already been given to a few that there was something after the fashion of last year to be brought forward at the eleventh hour, and such as believed themselves behind the curtain, laid through thick and thin against him for the Derby. One of the finest colts of the year by far had paid forfeit to the two thousand guineas and other Stakes, and was given out as dead amiss. He had not been up to the mark during winter, no doubt; but those who saw him going as the Spring advanced, were convinced that he was intended for a *coup de main.* All was still about him: the Derby betting went on both at Newmarket and elsewhere, but his name was not quoted in the odds. Elis, that ran so good a second to Bay Middleton for the two thousand guineas, not being in the Derby, what chance had any other already beaten by him to contest with him at Epsom? It was in vain to talk about the Hill, inasmuch as he could walk up to the Rubbing-house, and catch them at Tattenham Corner. Immediately upon winning the Column in the Craven, Mr. Osbaldeston's Ebberston was made second favorite; and if the betting afford any criterion of judgment, what an opinion of the field did it afford to find such a horse in such a position? never was a race run or won in a more slovenly manner. When Muezzin met Bay Middleton for the two thousand guineas, his tale was told; and in a like form that of Taishteer, when defeated by the former for the Newmarket Stakes. But there is no need to continue our comparative estimate: we will suppose the great day arrived, and the Warren, with its scene of anxious bustle, thrown open.

The mystery had been already fathomed: the dark horse was brought into open day; and Gladiator was enacting the part of Mundig, though not quite with so high a hand. I confess I was most solicitous for a look at this horse, whose present elevation resembled a jump from the plough-tail to the Woolsack, a Sextus Quintus of the stable. It was curious to contemplate an animal who had been so tardy in developing his good qualities. Mr. Walker parted with him for a hundred pounds to the Scotts, who, either utterly unaware of his promise, or with the most liberal disregard of self, "let Lord Wilton into him," according to the vernacular of the litter, for two hundred. The latter of those two alternatives I confess I was not prepared to entertain, from a cursory knowledge of the world in general, and traders in horse-flesh in particular. I had stated my estimate of the first favorite for the race upon the *tapis* as by no means extravagantly high: and as I waited to see Gladiator stripped, I said to myself, "Well, if there be such a thing as a scale in racing, it must be a bore to the crack to find a two-hundred-pounder next him in the gamut." When saddled and mounted, although his condition was far from good, he certainly was a fine colt, his color a good chesnut, with capital legs (perhaps a little too much of them), and splendid quarters. There was the *probable* dash of the Whalebone on his dam's side that suited the work before him; and it struck me the hopes of the fielders still had a plank to keep them above water. The result of the race is known to all the world: clearly the Scotts had calculated their horse well. I believe William Scott was confident of being as well placed in the race as his horse was in the odds, and that he was not without a lingering idea that the game might be upon the cards, being aware that sometimes such events are decided by an odd trick.

I cannot think the Derby of this year fit to be contrasted with the average of the last twenty. It was as good, I will admit, as the last; but where would the two placed have been in that of 1834? The start, no doubt, was awfully bad. It seems strange, that, considering the way in which the accommodation is paid for, literally no attempt even is made to keep any order at the starting-post. People blame the Starter, and use nauseous words; but is it fair? No man can be more anxious in the discharge of his duty than Boulding; but unless, instead of a pony, he were to bestride the shoulders of the *tall barrister*, how is he to see over the heads of five thousand fellows who go to stirrup six feet and beyond, when Nature has been less liberal to him of stature? Place a score of police there next year, Baron de Teissier, an' ye would win golden opinions, and curtail blasphemy.

There was infinitely more chance of a race among the fillies, and a better Oaks day than one usually sees: it is hard to say why the Friday at Epsom is almost always so unattractive. Here the Scotts were in the ascendant, with lots of leeway for the "Gentlemen" to work up, the Legs firm upon their pins. Well might Shakspeare call it a "world of slippery turns!" A mare, that was on record as having ran a third at Northallerton, while those to whom she was about being opposed were winning their thousands at Newmarket, came here to start for the Oaks, the best in favor, *and the best favored* of the lot. By Jove, these Scotts are lucky dogs! for not only have they such nags as others cannot contrive to get hold of for their own use, but they have them also for their friends! Cyprian, a great roomy bay, with bone for a five-year-old, and all over a racer to look at, was a blessed vision for such of the profession as had stood the shock of the day before. Still it was anything but over: there were some terrible cattle to cut down, and that extraordinary Flibbertigibbet, Tommy Lye, stuck upon on one side of Fair Jane, seemed *bent* upon mischief. . . . . Notwithstanding the tail that was unfolded so early in the race, the Oaks was far from an uninteresting contest, and it was certainly run faster than the Derby. In the latter the play was made by Lord Egremont's colt, who was beaten on the top of the Hill, and the running was not taken up very decidedly by anything till after they had crossed the Road; while in the former, Toga forced the pace every yard from the start to very near the distance, where it was caught up, the instant she gave in, by Destiny and the winner. The run-in was most resolutely contested—there was nothing like slackening of speed from end to end.

From this slight epitome of the racing in the present season so far as we have gone, I fear we have but confirmed that which was but too apparent last year—the growing inferiority of our studs. Last year we lost both Derby and Oaks: in the present, the Oaks and the Ascot Cup are ravished from us; and the foreigners are first, second, and third for the Portland Handicap! Were we to continue the catalogue we should find it much the same. It really seems as though there were a fate about it. Lord Chesterfield, who has no limit to his prices or numbers, positively cannot win a fifty pound plate. Sir Mark Wood, that once had a turn, must now be repaying it in forfeits alone at a hundered per cent. Lord —— . . . . . but no, there is no wisdom in proclaiming all our weakness to the enemy.

It is reported that Elis does not go to Doncaster: I hope this is not fact. They have his length pretty well, and unless there is a comet among their Northern-lights, surely his chance appears to be too good to throw up.

Before I close, one word of Goodwood! It is a revival of the days we read about to look over the list for that meeting: the Duke of Richmond has unquestionably the honor of bringing to its present celebrity the first racing meeting in England. I call it an honor; and where can be found a prouder one than that of promoting a festival, in which all classes are drawn together for the common end of rational enjoyment, where the social sentiments are fostered, and the civil organization strengthened and cemented. CRAVEN.

Old London Sporting Magazine, July, 1836.

DEER SHOOTING IN INDIA.

"Come, shall we go and kill us venison?"—*As You Like It.*

Of the numerous field-sports that India affords, I have ever preferred deer-shooting. I feel that this confession may be attacked by your determined tiger-killers, your rattling pig stickers, your neck-or-nothing fox-hunters, *et hoc genus omne*, but every man to his taste; and when I say that I prefer deer-shooting, understand me, gentlemen, that I do not mean as practised by that description of sportsmen, who, seated in a howdah loaded with guns, it maybe on full cock, with fifteen or twenty elephants on each side of them, beating in the form of an arc, of which the *sahibs* from the centre drive every living animal which the jungle shelters in front of them:—then commences the sport, if sport it may be called; not a leaf shakes—not a blade of grass rustles, but it is immediately followed by the report of a gun, and by the time the battery is discharged, and the smoke clears away, a deer or two are discovered on the ground, picked up, and on they march to the next jungle, where the work of destruction commences anew. In this way is the morning consumed, and our friends return home to lament over the scarcity of game, and remark that the deer appear to have fled the country: at the same time perhaps, gravely hinting at the necessity of game laws to preserve the little that is left. No, gentlemen, it is not this description of deer-shooting in which I delight; but, as I said before, *chacun à son gout.*

Only fancy yourself on your elephant, with two, aye, just two more on each side of you, beating quietly through a nice patch of grass jungle, a cheroot in your mouth, and your mind teeming with reminiscences of many happy hours similarly spent. From this communing with yourself you are aroused by a rush in front of your elephant—bang! bang!—"A splendid buck, and missed him, by Jove!" He now emerges from the grass, and canters lightly across the plain towards the opposite jungle; your rifle is already laid on; he nears the covert, and pauses for one moment to gaze at the approaching danger: he is now your own.

"That pause, that fatal gaze he took
Hath doomed his death."

Your ball, "too nearly deadly aimed to err," cleaves his heart, and with one convulsive bound he falls lifeless on the green sward.

Or, in contradistinction to this, which may possibly be called a "picture of still life," imagine yourself beating up a strip of *benna* grass, with a gradual ascent on each side crowned with brushwood and *gujarry* plantations; the morning cool and cloudy; the peacocks and jungle fowl enlivening the whole scene with their beautiful plumage, as the rays of the sun occasionally shine on them from behind a cloud, and their musical calls— musical at least to a sportsman's ear—which are responded to from the opposite wood, mingled with the hourse call of the common deer, and the short and sharp bark of the *kakur.* You now near the end of the benna, and a deer or two are seen moving off: in an instant you are on your legs, when a hart of grease emerges, and turning sharp to the right, dashes up the ascent at his utmost speed; a moment, and he will have crowned the summit and be hid from you by the rose bushes—too late!

"'Tis the crack of the rifle, the bullet has sped,
And the roebuck, the pride of the forest, lies dead."

The occasional mishaps that attend upon the sportsman are, to my mind, not the least pleasurable of the adventures that he encounters. I remember when out with a party, on just such a morning, and in such a spot as I have described, we lost our way. Game had been very abundant; and elated with the sport and our success, which on this occasion was singular, we wandered on, till warned by the inward man that the breakfast hour was long passed, and we were yet fasting. Homewards was now the word, and with as little delay as possible—for the weather, which had all along been suspicious, was now no longer so, as the low rumbling thunder, joined to an arc in the north-west, black as Erebus, but occasionally illuminated with vivid flashes of lightning, dissipated all doubts as to a coming storm. Desiring the mahouts to hasten towards the boats, I led the way, my mahout expressing himself perfectly well acquainted with the localities, and all inquiry as to our route from some natives hurrying in an opposite direction, I took upon me to censure as unnecessary delay, thereby affording a practical illustration *in propria persona* of the truth of the old proverb, "more haste the worse speed." On we went, over hill and dale, the country gradually assuming a wilder appearance, and the weather becoming more and more lowering, while an occasional cold blast of wind whistling through the scattered and stunted trees anything but tended to increase the comforts of our situation. It might have been near upon an hour that we had progressed in this way, when certain shrewd suspicions became generated in my mind as to whether I had not led my friends into a dilemma; and on consulting with my mahout, he frankly confessed his utter ignorance as to where we were, or in which direction we ought to go to reach home. This result of my generalship I presently communicated to the party, expressing my regret, and expecting (as I deserved) to get no small share of blame and discredit for my misdeeds. Not a jot of it! You never saw a matter taken more philosophically; and on my offering with much resignation to commit myself to the guidance of any one else who chose to command (hoping to soften censure by humility), the reply was, "No, no, my friend, you got us into this mess, and now you must get us out of it again." We were just then at the commencement of an extensive plain, without a vestige of foliage, it having been fired apparently a day or two before; the wood jungle, scorched and shrivelled by the same destroying element, lay on our right; seriously, I began to think it was no joke; when a mahout, who had wandered a little, announced that he had found a foot-path. We followed it some distance through the wood, and at last came to a village, where we learned that we had been simply journeying in a precisely opposite direction to what we had intended, and that it was necessary for us to retrace our steps whence we came. Having obtained a guide, we lost no time in doing so, and were presently caught in as nice a Nor-wester as you shall desire to meet with on a hunting party. We, however, pushed on, despite of wind and weather, and arrived safe at home about half past three P. M. wet, weary, and famished.—Dry clothes and a good dinner soon enabled us to laugh (which we did heartily) at our mishaps, and to picture to ourselves the figure we should cut had we been obliged to pass the night in the jungle under some old tree, with a blazing fire to keep off the wild beasts and to keep out the cold, a venison stake grilling on the embers, and the elephants bivouacked behind. I am by no means clear to this day as to whether it would not have been worth while to put up with the inconvenience for the sake of the romance.

All this I fear is but a digression, so to get back to the subject of deer-shooting, I am much inclined to doubt whether the pursuit of them on foot, or perhaps I should more correctly say deer-stalking, is not a more exhilarating way of doing them to death than that practised from the elephant. It is, I fancy, but seldom that a party is formed for this purpose hereabout, though why they should not be so, especially in the cold months, I know not; for what sportsman thinks for a moment on fogs and damps? For example, we will select a February morning, cold and foggy, to pursue the chase in, and having taken a cup of coffee hot and strong, and having pulled on our boots, well greased to keep the dew out, we'll get on as we best may. *Apropos des bottes*, I must here mention that one of the party, who revelled in the possession of a pair such as are worn by the fishermen at home, had given directions to his bearer over-night that they should be well greased. It so happened that I was up first in the morning, and was not a little amused at seeing the bearer with a huge pot of ghee beside him, out of which he every now and then took large handfuls, and immersed, together with his arm and elbow, into the interior of the said boots, working away with right good will. Not a word did I say; and presently the ghee was all expended, and the boots carried to their proprietor, whom no protestations on the part of the bearer, however strongly worded, could induce to believe that his orders of the preceding evening had been carried into effect. So with many blows and more abuse levelled at his man, he proceeded to draw them on. Scarcely had he done so, before, finding something wrong, he pulled them off again, and with angry glances, now at the boots from which the ghee ran in limpid streams, and now at his bearer, he furiously demanded what all that was. "Sir," said the bearer, moving out of arm's reach, utter astonishment depicted on every feature; "you told me, Sir, to grease your boots, and though you would not believe when I said that I had done it, you see I spoke the truth." The affair was now too ridiculous for further anger, so with a hearty laugh we set out.

Again I have been digressing sadly from the subject matter. Without further delay we will proceed to skirt the edge of the wood jungle steadily and in silence; a native, perhaps a shikaree, selected for the sharpness of his eye, gliding along some fifty yards ahead of us, and two or three more of the same clan bringing up the rear with spare guns, ammunition, &c. Wild fowls, and an occasional peacock, are seen feeding or rising in front of us as we progress; but we are in search of nobler game, and heed them not. The fog clears, and a couple of deer are viewed grazing some distance ahead. Our approach becomes imbued with due caution; every shrub and bush which affords the least covert for our shrinking forms is carefully placed between us and our game. But no, they have already seen us, and retire leisurely to their covert. On we go, further and further, but unsuccessfully, and are probably already beginning to lament that in the loftier flights of our ambition we passed the fowls and peacocks unheeding by, when our guide suddenly makes a dead stop, with his right hand thrown back to us as if deprecating our further advance; we are obedient to the signal, and halt—our followers crouching down almost to the ground. The guide moves forward a step or two; it is a moment of intense interest to all. He stops again, and beckons us to advance: steadily and slowly we move to his side, while his extended arm points out to us a fine deer, with expanded nostril, and ears playing rapidly backwards and forwards as though he already smelt and heard the coming enemy. Not a moment is to be lost: so taking a rapid aim, we fire, but the deer turning, vanishes into the brushwood. "Bah!" bursts involuntarily from one's mouth: "Surely my hand has not lost its steadiness, nor my eye its precision." A loud call from the shikaree now announces that he has struck upon the blood-stained track, and with an occasional "I thought so," we dash merrily into the jungle. A minute suffices to bring us to the spot where the quarry has fallen. At our approach he struggles to his feet in a vain effort to escape, but another bullet settles his worldly accounts, and we turn our heads homewards, for the sun is by this time getting high, with light hearts and unwearied feet, in perfect contentment for the time being with ourselves and all the world.

In the early part of this letter I made mention of the barking deer: it is known here as the kakur, and is to be found in tolerable numbers in the high and thickly wooded lands towards the source of the Luckya. When out shooting in that quarter some time ago with my friend Duretete, an incident happened, which, as it serves to corroborate the peculiar resemblance between the bark of the kakur and that of a dog, I will here mention. I was on a guddee elephant, a little to the left of the line, when I observed D. jump up in his howdah and level his gun: this movement was followed by the usual sharp "wow, wow," when D. sat down again, exclaiming, "Cot for tamn! it is von tog!" The deer now came slowly down towards me, barking at short intervals, and I was proceeding to take aim at him, when my mahout, from behind whom I had previously shot many of them, turned round to me, and very coolly said, "What, Sir, do you intend to shoot a dog?" This threw me off my balance, and I lost my chance, being fairly puzzled as to whether it really was a dog or a deer: a moment, however, put an end to my doubts, for my gentleman, not liking our neighborhood, sneaked out of the covert, and took across the plain to the opposite side at a pace that at once carried conviction to the minds of all of us that it was not only a deer that had escaped from under our very noses, but that it was pretty nearly the "Bench of Bishops to a Jew's conscience" we never saw him again.

Bengal Sporting Magazine, 1836. Dacca, Oct. 19, 1836.

Miscellanies.

THE MARCH OF MIND.

BY MRS. C. GILMAN.

"What excites you, brother dear?" said Fanny Morton, leaning over a youth who had thrown himself in an affected attitude upon a sofa, while she twined his brown hair on her fingers; your nose is turned up like the tail of a griffin."

"Oh, Fanny, what will become of me?" said the youth with a sigh. "How much preferable would savage life be to this incessant pretension from all quarters! My shoeblack prates to me about the chemical combinations of his varnish, and my barber is proposing a patent for a pair of self-cutting shears, which are to move over the head at a word of command. It was but yesterday I was coaxed by Aunt Jundith to an infant school examination, and made to listen an hour to the yelping of those overwrought kittens singing about Adam and Eve, Christopher Columbus, and twice two are four, all in the same tone at the top of their voice. I escaped, and went for relief to the Russels, who, a year ago, were sensible, ignorant girls, and hoped to hear some unadulterated feminine nonsense. Bell's pretty fingers were stained with varnish from her oil painting of a wry-mouthed Madonna; Catharine insisted on my examining a musty *hortus siccus*, entirely overlooking a sweet rose, which I gallantly offered her; and when I peeped over Mhellicent's shoulder, hoping to find in her hand the last new novel, I found her examining the notes she had taken of a chemical lecture, while she began overwhelming me with Sir Humphrey Davy only knows what. I was starting off in despair when that little imp, Harriet, who ought to be playing with her dolls, stopped me to see her shell cabinet. I had just time to draw on my gloves to prevent her thrusting into my hand one of her sea monsters. I touched it with one of my finger tips, cried 'exquisite! beautiful!' and escaped, stimulated in my flight by the sight of a half-open drawer, where impaled bugs and beetles were kept for immortality, as a learned professor says. My sweet Fanny, study ignorance if you love me! Will those thrice blessed times ever return when men shall lie down on the flowery bed of female simplicity, instead of being stretched on the Procrustean bed of—"

"What is a Procrustean bed?" said Fanny, archly.

"Hush, child, now you are *too* ignorant!" replied Frederick Morton, "I flew from Harriet's bugs as if they had been tarantulus; and being in want of a vest, was going to ———'s, but recollecting that he was an *intellectual* tailor, and not wishing to have my brains measured, I turned aside. It is not long since he went through the whole science of weights and pulleys in rectifying a pair of suspenders for me. Determining not to listen to another treatise, I went to the humble establishment of Mr. Smallshaw—a man, as yet, happily ignorant of any thing beyong his goose."

"'Any vests of late fashion, Mr. Smallshaw?"

"'Oh, aye, certain, sir," and he brought me, in a quiet, tailor-like way, several patterns.

"As I was about making my bargain, he turned away from the cash as if it was quite a secondary consideration."

"'Sir,' said he, 'have you heard that the mechanics' sons are to meet at the Lyceum to-morrow?'

"'No, sir,' I replied, with a sudden tremor.

"'Neddy!' roared he to a squint-eyed boy, who was just flaying the dust out of a pair of pantaloons, which were hanging on a line in the yard, and which gave a kick of retaliation at every stroke; 'Neddy, son, here is a gentleman who would like to hear you speak your piece!'

"Neddy came in with an odd mixture of embarrassment and conceit on his dusty face, wiping his nose on his coat sleeve, he scrambled up on the counter for his rostrum, stood with his feet pari toed, his hands glued to his thighs, his thumbs protruded, and made a one-sided bow. Now, thought I, for "My name is Norval," or "To be or not to be,' and the genius of Shakspeare seemed to me to be frowning from behind the headless coats that hung around us; but in this desecration I was happily disappointed, for in a shrill key, Neddy commenced, from Miss Taylor's Juvenile Poems, with the following emphasis:—

"My prayers I said,
I went to bed, &c.

"All things have an end, and so had Neddy's piece; but just at its conclusion I heard another sharp voice but just at my elbow say:

"'I'm going to speak at the exhibition, too!'

"The deuce you are," thought I.

"'Oh, certain, Sammy,' said Mr. Smallshaw, 'say your piece to the gentleman. He is two years older than Neddy, sir, and is very remarkable, though I say it that shouldn't say it.'

"Before I could fabricate a reason for departing, Sammy was on the rostrum, and began—

"My prayers I said,
I went to bed, &c."

"before he had arrived at

'The middle of his song.'

the fear of a third urchin being produced to illustrate the awful consequences of playing at night

'With Tommy, lighting straws,'

had compelled me to take French leave, and I effected my retreat in a most masterly manner, while the tailor's gaze was immovably fixed on the face of the young orator; in whom, no doubt, he foresaw a future Henry Clay, or a second Daniel Webster."

"But if the two tailorings *must* speak their speeches," said Fanny, "why was there no variety in them? Why must both speak the same?"

"Because there was no variety in the boys," replied Morton; "their father, no doubt, is accustomed to regard them as two sleeves of the same coat."

"You are the most fastidious of mortals," replied Fanny. "What is it you would have? Here, when you at last find a mechanic who is neither mathematical, philosophical, scientifical, or any way intellectual, you are displeased with the absence of refinement and want of tact in himself and family, and out of patience at the natural pride of a father in the accomplishment of his hopeful offspring."

"Well, well," replied Frederick, "all extremes are bad. Why must people be always either too wise or too foolish? Why cannot every body adopt the juste milieu?"

Why they cannot is a question we leave to be decided by our readers.

Charleston, S. C. "Gift," for 1837.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.—On writing this word, we feel our breast fluttering beneath a clogging weight of fear, just as it did—we care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange and a beautiful thing—first, innocent love. There is that in female beauty, which it is pleasure merely to gaze upon; but beware of looking too long. The lustrous black pupil contrasting with the pearly white of the eye and the carnated skin—the clear, placid blue, into which you see down, down to the very soul—the deep hazel, dazzling as a sun-lit stream, seen through an opening in its willow banks—all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety-nine times, but at the hundredth, you are a gone man. On a sudden the eye strikes you as deeper and brighter than ever, or you fancy that a long look is stolen at you beneath a drooping eye-lid, and that there is a slight flush on the cheek, and, at once, you are in love. Then you spend the morning in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the door-bell, your knees tremble, and your breast feels compressed; and, when admitted, you sit, and look, and say nothing, and go away, determined to tell your whole story the next time. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional daring of kissing a flower, which she presents you; perhaps, in the wild intoxication of love, wafting it towards her; or, in affectation of the Quixotic style, kneeling, with mock-heroic emphasis, to kiss her hand in pretended jest; and the next time you meet, both are as reserved and stately as ever. Till at last, on some unnoticeable day, when you are left alone with the lady, you, quite unawares, find her hand in yours, a yielding shudder crosses her, and you know not how, she is in your arms, and you press upon her lips, delayed, but not withheld, "A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love."

JIM CROW IN LONDON.

Rice, of Yankee-town, the original "Jim Crow," has performed for some time in London, with the most decided success. At his debut, in the Surrey theatre, he introduced the following lines:—

How are you, massa gemmen,
And de ladies in a row,
All for to tell you whar I'm from,
I'se going for to go!
For I wheel about, and turn about, and do jis so,
An' ebry time I turn about I jump Jim Crow!

'Twas way down in "Old Warginny,"
About thirty years ago,
Dat dis han'some pickaninny
'Gan to jump Jim Crow!
So I turn about, &c.

'Twas wid old massa Jackson,
In the State of Tennessee,
Dat I foss larn de rudimens
Ob trabbling joggrafee.
When I turn about, &c.

And in de hurry scurry
Ob dis luner worl' below,
I tot I'd come to Surrey,
And jump Jim Crow.
So I turn about, &c.

DUBLIN POLICE.

COLLEGE-STREET POLICE-OFFICE.—"Twelve moons after marriage."—On Saturday, Mrs. Catherine O'Keefe, a young woman of rather respectable appearance, preferred a charge of assault and annoyance against her husband, Jaspar O'Keefe. The defendant was a tall, fashionable young man, with an eye like a poet's, "in a fine phrenzy rolling," whose attitudes appeared to be regulated by the same romantic precision and grace which characterised his language. He was a natural poet, for he scorned the ordinary phraseology of prosaic mortals. His was the dignified and poetical eloquence of *blank verse*. It would be difficult to assign to him a profession. He was a poet in language—a tragedian in look and enunciation—and a dancing master in attitude.

Mrs. O'Keefe stated the several grievances of which she complained! she and her husband were living in Grafton-street, and had been married about a twelvemonth, during which period she was frequently beaten by him. The last occurrence of this nature, of which she complained, took place on Thursday last, when she found it necessary to seek the protection of her father.

Alderman Fleming—Can you mention any particular instance of ill-treatment?

Mrs. O'Keefe—He struck me and threatened my life on Thursday last.

Mr. O'Keefe—Sweet soul, take heed—take heed of perjury. Remember, madam, you are on your oath.

Alderman Fleming—You must be silent till the complaint is told.

Mr. O'Keefe—Not hear me! by my sufferings but you shall.

We have been married but twelve transient months;
But ere the "Honey Moon" had run its course,
The partner of my bosom proved untrue;
For when I sought some property to gain,
In right of marriage at her father's house,
She hired a slave, suborned to prove her tale,
Who swore that I, with violence and threats,
Had broken, like a thief into the house.

Alderman Fleming—But did you assault your wife?

Mr. O'Keefe—That I did strike this woman, I confess

It is most true; true, I have married her;
The head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Sad are my days,
And little bless'd with the sweet boon of *peace*;
For since these arms of mine hath circled her—
The honey moon scarce wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in correcting her.
Her father loved me—oft invited me,
And any articles I took from him—
Were mine, not his——and yet, for this alone,
She dragged me to the office of police.
Oh! the offence is rank, it smells to heaven!
The blasting stain—the foul indignity;—
Ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this!

Mrs. O'Keefe—I have been used in the most cruel manner, and called the foulest names by him, your Lordship.

Mr. O'Keefe—Down strumpet! cease thy tongue!—

Oh! monstrous falsehood!—oh! perfidious wretch!

Alderman Fleming—By your own admission, you have assaulted your wife, and it was unmanly to do so.

Mr. O'Keefe—Granted; but the cause, my soul,

The most cursed effect.

Alderman Fleming—I cannot now entertain the question of "cause," the "effect" is that to which I must look, and I therefore call on you to find two sureties of £50 each, and yourself in 100*l*. to keep the peace towards your wife.

Mr. O'Keefe—(turning to his wife)—I'll make thee lick the dust beneath my feet. He then glided out of the Board-room, with his hand extended in a theatrical and prophetic position, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, and the bail having been procured, he was liberated.

AN OFFER NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT.—A Western Celebs who offers a thousand dollars for a suitable match, describes himself as follows:—

"I am a real ring-tail roarer, with a little of the snapping turtle. I was born in the year 1818, (which makes me 28), in the N. W. part of this county. I have been in five Indian campaigns—taken three scalps, and been promised to marry seven times. I have a property of 18,000 dollars, 00 cents; ten of which is in land and seven thousand in cash. My defects are, a mole on my right cheek, a speck in my left eye, the third finger on my left hand crippled in a duel, which I like to have forgot to have mentioned, and a very rapid gait in walking, which habit I have endeavored in vain to break myself of. I am otherwise in all respects like other men. In politics I am moderate—in religion a free-thinker—I occasionally drink wine—hate cold weather, and moderately worship the creation of my fancy.

"I can put up with almost any partner of the fair sex, providing she is devotedly mine, and endeavors supremely to please me. Any age between 20 and 35—if a widow, the better. No flirt, party going, tea-drinking, always talking, never thinking young girl, old maid or widow need apply. All such are out of my books entirely. She must have a taste for a fine garden, and agree not to rise too early more than once a week. Morning air is unhealthy, if foggy.

"I shall expect her to write her own letters, and do her own shopping.

"U. L. H. SPEEDING."

FULLER'S NEW YORK GYMNASIUM.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have been waiting for several days, in expectation of an article from your pen, relative to Mr. Fuller, and as you are quite silent on this head, and presuming that the war of politics has engrossed all your disposable time, I have taken the liberty of sending a few lines myself, on the subject of *Gymnastics*.

I believe there is only one opinion in this community of ours, respecting the value of these exercises, in developing the physical powers, promoting cheerfulness of spirits, and, what is ever a natural concomitant of the other two, ensuring a vigorous and healthy tone of mind. Unfortunately, however, this appears to be one of that numerous class of cases, where theory and practice have managed to get offended with each other, or are very seldom seen in one another's company. A lazy walk on the *pave* of Broadway, inhaling the singularly compounded atmosphere of that noted promenade, constitutes the *beau ideal* of exercise with at least three-fourths of the rising generation; to the great delight of the region of quacks, who have had their practice so much extended in consequence, as to be compelled to call in the aid of steam to expedite the manufacture of their nostrums. When will people learn a little common sense on this subject? Two roads for the attainment and securing of sound health, present themselves to our notice; one, plain, direct and certain; the other winding and complicated, and placing us eventually at the very same spot from which we first started, though a good deal the worse both in purse and constitution, for our devious ramble.—The first of these lies through the Gymnasium of my friend Mr. Fuller; the other passes by the counters of the pill shops. I have travelled the former for a considerable time, and would not exchange the health of body, and contented tone of feeling, to which it has brought me, for many a round thousand. Our young folks are in raptures with the fine muscular development and manly bearing of many of the numerous foreigners that visit our shores. Well, let them go through a course of gymnastics with Mr. Fuller, and their own puny forms also will swell out into something like life. What sight is nobler than an athletic, well proportioned frame, and what more certain of commanding respect and ensuring safety both to one's self and to others?—This leads me to say a word or two on another subject connected with Mr. Fuller's establishment, namely, the science of pugilism. A silly creature, not long ago, wrote an article for this paper, in which boxing was decided as brutal, and vulgar, and every thing that was bad. Nay, the sapient writer, in his reckless anger against the noble science of self-defence, went so far as to assert that if a choice must be made between the two, he, for his part, would prefer the use of the *bowie knife* to pugilism! His doctrine appears to have become exceedingly popular in a short space of time, for we have had of late six cases of stabbing, and are to have, at this rate, God only knows how many more. Supposing these had been six cases of pugilism, what an outcry would have been raised, how brutal and disgusting the whole would have appeared. The bowie knife "makes clean work of it," but boxing is so excessively low and vulgar, it positively must be discouraged! It is on this same principle, I suppose, that a mercantile house in our good city are acting, who have recently advertised some dozens of bowie knives for sale! Now I am old fashioned enough to give my vote for boxing. I do not mean by this, to say, that I am an advocate for regular matches, or street brawls, but I think it important that pugilism should be taught as a regular means of self-defence, and of protection to others. If you are walking with a lady, and a ruffian insults her, you knock him down and leave him to his reflections. If, as was recently the case at Rockaway, two tailor's apprentices get into society to which they are not accustomed, and begin to make rude and offensive comments at table on ladies who sit opposite, you cause them to make their exit out of the window, and the piazza, on which they alight, answers, as far as posture is concerned, all the purposes of a regular shop-board. But it is only wasting time to enumerate the different advantages that result from an acquaintance with the noble art of self-defence. They are obvious to any one who will only reflect dispassionately on the subject for a single moment. Hear Milton himself on this head, and let his great name suffice:—

"He looked and saw, where, under sunny skies,
Fair Grecia's sons by clear Alpheus stood,
In that old plain of Jove, 'mid Elian groves,
Disporting with the race-contesting car,
Or else on foot, fleet runners for the prize.
There some the discus threw; and some on high
Their arrows uplifted with the boxers' art:
That art which now, transferred to British ground,
Our manlier race have cherished as their own;
Nor, coward-like, have grasped the murderous steel,
Like Spain's dark sons, or him that holds the hand
Where erst the Roman reared an empire's throne."

Evening Star. A GYMNAST.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE AND DEATH OF CHIEF HINTZA, A CAFFRE.—We extract the following account of the death of Chief Hintza, from a despatch written by H. G. Smith, Colonel-in-Chief of the staff, who was sent with a military force to escort Hintza—who was a hostage—on a visit to his territories, to enable him to persuade his people to deliver up 25,000 cattle and 500 horses, agreeable to treaty, and lately printed by order of the House of Commons:—

"Upon nearing the top of a steep ascent, the country was perfectly open, and a considerable tongue of land running parallel with the rugged bed of the Kebaka, upon a gradual descent of about two miles, to a turn of the river, where were several Caffre huts. I was looking back to observe the march of the troops when I heard a cry of 'Look Colonel!' I saw Hintza had set off at full speed, and was 30 yards ahead of every one. I spurred my horse with violence, and coming close up to him, called to him; he urged the horse the more, which could beat mine; I drew a pistol, it snapped; I drew another, it also snapped; I was then some time galloping after him, when I spurred my horse along side of him, and struck him on the head with the butt end of my pistol; he redoubled his efforts to escape, and his horse was three lengths ahead of mine. I had dropped one pistol, I threw the other after him, and struck him again on the head. Having thus reached about a mile, we were within half a mile of the Caffre huts; I found my horse was closing with him; I had no means whatever of assailing him, and he was provided with his assagias; I therefore resolved to attempt to pull him off his horse, and I seized the athletic chief by the throat, and twisting my hand in his karop, I dragged him from the seat, and hurled him on the earth; he instantly sprung upon his legs and sent an assaigia at me, running off toward the rugged bed of the Kebaka. My horse was most unruly, and I could not pull him up till I reached the Caffre huts. This unhorsing the chief, and his waiting to throw an assagai at me, brought Mr. G. Southey, of the corps of guides, up; and at about 200 yards distance he twice called to Hintza, in Caffre, to stop, or he would shoot him. He ran on. Mr. Southey fired, and only slightly struck him in the leg, again calling to him to stop, without effect; he fired and shot him through the back; he fell headlong forward, but springing up and running forward, closely pursued by my aid-de-camp, Lieut. Balfour, he precipitated himself down a kloof into the Kebaka, and posting himself in a narrow niche of the rock, defied any attempt to secure him; when, still refusing to surrender, and raising an assaigia, Mr. George Southey fired and shot him through the head.—Thus terminated the career of the chief Hintza, whose treachery, perfidy, and want of faith made him worthy of the nation of atrocious and indomitable savages over whom he was the acknowledged chieftain."

We have seldom read a more affecting account of the capture of a brave and daring chieftain than the above. In a despatch to the Governor, having reference to Hintza, a Lord Glenelg who was in authority, says:—

"He was slain when he had no longer the means of resistance; but covered with wounds, and vainly attempting to conceal his person in the water into which he had plunged as a refuge from his pursuers. Why the last wound was inflicted, and why this unhappy man, regarded with an attachment almost idolatrous by his people, was not seized by numerous armed men who had reached his place of concealment, has never yet been explained. It is stated to me, on evidence which it is impossible to receive without serious attention, that Hintza repeatedly cried for mercy; that the Hottentots present granted the boon, and abstained from killing him; that this office was then undertaken by Mr. Southey, and that then the dead body of the fallen victim was inhumanly mutilated. I express no opinion on this subject, because the honor of the British name demands that the case should undergo a full investigation, which it is my purpose to institute."

TRICK UPON TRAVELLERS.—A London paper relates an amusing occurrence which took place recently, that may be set down as a caution to young beginners. A gentleman voyaging to Boulogne by one of the cheap steamers was the bearer of a remarkably handsome boa, of some thirty guineas value, an intended present to some favored fair one. Anxious that this costly affair should escape the lynx-eyed investigation of the French custom house officers, he requested an affable sort of a body in petticoats, (with whom he had established a kind of traveller's chit chat), to pass it for him on her shoulders "We shall meet again," says he, "after the ordeal is over, and I shall relieve you of it with thanks."

This, however, was a species of relief not quite intelligible to his *affable* friend, who met his smiling application for its restoration with a volume of the lowest and loudest abuse, for daring ["pitiful swindling vagabond as he was,"] to claim what had been her own for months, "the gift of her dear papa." As the sort of people imported by the boats are not in the best possible odour at Boulogne, the *ruse* succeeded; all sided with the lady, and the "*vrai Amphithrion*"—a perfect stranger in the town—not only lost his boa, but narrowly escaped a sound ducking.

POLITICAL MOUTHPIECE.—Two politicians—"well dressed *gentlemen*"—were overheard using high language—not an uncommon circumstance with *such* "gentlemen"—in Chesnut street, Philadelphia, on Monday night. They were soon afterwards observed to cross Broad street and enter a vacant lot on Walnut st., where they interchanged some dry compliments in the form of heavy knocks.—They then fell too in a more unceremonious manner, *a la* cat, when they both fell, hugging their mother earth with wonderful tenacity. On taking their perpendicular, it was discovered that one had lost his under lip and the other his upper lip in their eager congratulations. One hastily pocketed his "mouth piece" and made off, whilst the other was left groping about in search of his political appendage.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 15, 1836.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

LIVERPOOL, September 1, 1836.

THE GREAT DONCASTER ST. LEGER will be run for on the 20th of this month. Let me throw together a few memoranda upon the chances, as well as the history of this Great Stakes.

In the first place, if you bet upon *any* race in England, carefully avoid any bet upon the St. Leger. The *ground is unsafe*—that is, there is no trusting a horse, and I fear, no horse's owner. In 1827 Mameluke was the favorite for the St. Leger. Bets ran high in his favor: he was the best horse of that year, besides being the winner of the Derby, and he was beaten by Matilda. At this time Mameluke was owned by John Gully, and ridden by Chifney. The alleged cause of his defeat was that he was shy of starting—sulky and cross. He was unruly; but was not this owing to a most severe bridle, as well as to more severe and unreasonable punishment than Chifney or any good jockey is in the habit of inflicting? Of course, the horse was unruly under such treatment, and people might believe that he was vicious and ill-tempered. But Mameluke was really a gentle and good tempered horse—as the *best* blood always is—and his eye shewed his good temper. I never saw a finer horse; but after the St. Leger he was marked by an ugly lump, from Chifney's severe beating. He was beaten by Matilda, but he came out again and again, and *mostly with success*. He ran at Newmarket, and beat Lamplighter on that course; indeed, he usually was a winner. If he lost the St. Leger, I think those who know any thing of the circumstances, will admit that Gully, or Chifney, (or both?) know *why* he was beaten.

Again:—there was *the Ludlow affair*. Beardsworth, an ignorant but tricking fellow, had the luck to win the St. Leger in 1830, with his horse Birmingham.—He had another horse, Ludlow—I think from the same sire, Filho da Puta—and by keeping him in the back ground, and other manœuvres, contrived to have him heavily backed as favorite for the St. Leger and the best horse of his year. He was placed at the head of the betting list, and, *on the sly*, the odds against him were taken by Beardsworth and his party, who, therefore, never meant him to run—if he had speed even, which he had not. Ludlow, was a large, lumpish, lumbering brute, with scarcely a racing point: he had an awful temper—perhaps this was encouraged in order to prevent his being closely examined. Beardsworth, as I said, took all the odds against Ludlow. As the race day came near, we had rumors that it was "no go"—that Bond, the blackleg, had purchased him. When Ludlow reached Doncaster, Bond went through the farce of paying Beardsworth for him on the course the day before the St. Leger. Ludlow did not start (I think), and had no chance. Now, Mameluke had:—Ludlow could not have beaten a cock-tail, but Mameluke could have beaten Matilda and the field.—In fact, Ludlow did run several times after and was always beaten. Yet Ludlow had been a favorite—aye, on the top of the list!

Then came *the Plenipo affair*, in 1834. Plenipo was certainly one of the finest horses I ever saw—surpassed on the English turf by few, very few, since racing was worth a groat. Plenipo won the Derby with as much ease as *you* would crack a hickory nut or *I* break the heart of a bottle of champagne. He took his gallop in fine style on the Doncaster Course, came out for the St. Leger, and—was beaten by Touchstone. This case has always puzzled me. Plenipo's owner, Mr. Batson, is, I think, an honorable man; and Plenipo, I admit, was a heavy topped horse—his legs not strong enough to sustain the superincumbent weight. But look at the other side. Plenipo so easily won the Derby that his character is placed on the top of the tree; he comes out for the Great St. Leger in the same year, and fails. He is withdrawn, appears in the Spring of 1835 at Newmarket, and carries all before him. He is named for the Ascot Cup—he is taken down to Ascot, and on the day of trial is reported amiss. He retires from the turf, as a racer, in his fifth year. Here is another St. Leger favorite weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

On the other hand, as a set-off, I may name that, last year, Mostyn's Queen of Trumps beat Preserve, (the favorite for the Oaks), and won the Doncaster St. Leger with as much ease as she had won the Oaks. But in the long run, it is hard to trust to the betting. The favorites are not always—not even *usually* the winners of this race.

We come to the present state of the field. After having, with a very bad start, run second to Bay Middleton for the Derby, (May 19), Gladiator at once became favorite for the St. Leger. He remained at the head of the poll until, on this day month, John Scott gave 990 guineas at Ridsdale's sale for Brother to St. Giles. Now, Gladiator was in Scott's stables, and it was thought Scott must know all his points, and that unless he thought Brother to St. Giles the better horse, he would not have given such a high price. This was a fair conclusion; it staggered public confidence in Gladiator, and since the betting of August 8, Gladiator has tumbled down several points on the scale of the odds, and Brother to St. Giles has taken the head of the list, and as you may observe, has kept it ever since. Just now I shall give you a word or two *on that*.

Wedge, an Irish horse, (by Picton, out of Vat, by Langar,) the property of Captain Westenra, has been in great force—second on the list. He is strongly backed, and, strange to say, without having given much proof of superiority. The worst of Irish racers is this—they usually have higher characters than their performances bear out. Wedge, I believe, will start for the St. Leger; but I question his success, *unless it be bad weather and a heavy course, when his strength may carry him through.*

Trapball is a high favorite, particularly in the country. So is Redshank, and the late performances of both are in their favor.

Vulture stands high among the candidates for the St. Leger. If she should start, I think that few will keep her pace.

Ebberston, Mr. Osbaldeston's property, (and for a time the favorite for the Derby,) would have a fair chance, but "the Squire" is full of tricks, and may withdraw him if betted upon.

Elis, to the best of *my* judgment, would be the winner if he started, and I am not sure that he will *not*. He ran Bay Middleton to half a head at Newmarket in the Spring, and has a first rate character. He is little betted on, as it is doubtful if Lord Lichfield will start him. He is the best horse of this year, except Bay Middleton, who is not entered for the St. Leger. Mark my words, if Elis runs for the great St. Leger Stakes, 'tis 2 to 1 that he wins them.

The correspondent of one of the local papers gives the following list of the horses likely to run on the 20th September—the places where they are being trained—the trainers' names—and the Manchester odds against them. [The reader will find the list referred to in the Spirit of the Times of 1st Oct.]

I am now going to let you *into the secret*:—'tis not likely that Brother to St. Giles can or will win, though his name be *forced* to the top of the odds.

Brother to St. Giles *is* a promising and *will* be a fine performance horse, but he is not equal to the speed of Gladiator, or Elis, or Trapball. Scott—as I have reason to believe—thinks well of him, and will make money off him, but at present, he is covertly taking the odds against this same horse. The very fact of Scott's purchasing him made him a favorite—because, as I have said, Gladiator was in Scott's stable, and Scott must know every racing point in Gladiator; then, instantly after the purchase, Scott's friends backed Brother to St. Giles, in moderation as to the actual amount, but largely on the *brag*. He has kept the place, and China to a China orange he will fling his backers. If so, Scott may lose an odd thousand or so, but what will he gain by betting the odds against him *on the sly?* Perhaps some tens of thousands. Even if Brother to St. Giles could win, 'twould be bad *policy* (we say nothing of *honesty*) for Scott to allow him. He will make more by his losing. Take a case in point:—In 1822, Swap was favorite for the Doncaster St. Leger; at the start he could not, would not, or did, not get placed. The race was won by the next best horse, Mr. Petre's Theodore and Mr. P. gained £50,000, ($250,000,) having taken the long odds against his horse, sometimes 100 to 1. I will not ask how much of this the owner of Swap got by not letting his horse be placed, or how much he netted by covertly betting against his own horse. It was said that, on the whole, *he* also made his £50 000. Two days after the St. Leger, Swap and Theodore ran on the same course, for the Gascoigne stakes, and *Swap won in a canter!*

Having thus given you *data*, more correct and full than *dare* be published in England, and as interesting as any mere matter of news, I proceed to state how the odds were at Tattersall's, on Monday:—

THE ST. LEGER.—The attention of the speculators present yesterday afternoon was so much taken up with Elis, that business was nearly at a stand still upon the other favorites. I am happy to find that the uncertainty which has so long prevailed upon this subject will be very speedily terminated, it having been publicly announced, that unless his noble owner can get the odds to £1200, at 10 to 1, the horse will not go, and that the final declaration will be made at Tattersall's at the close of the betting on Thursday. As two or three parties have put down their names for half the money, there is still a chance of this formidable horse being second to a field already unusually strong in public runners. In the course of the afternoon a bet of 8,000 to 100 was taken about him, p.p., and the odds afterwards offered. The other transactions occasioned some trifling alterations. Brother to Giles was backed once or twice at 7 to 2; these odds, however, were offered at the close; 6 to 1 was laid in one or two instances against Wedge, and there was at one moment so marked a disposition to bet against him, that his friends began to think there was a "screw loose," but he rallied, and at the finish no one offered more than 5 to 1. Redshank took the place occupied last week by Trapball, and was backed in good quarters at 8½ and 9 to 1, the highest bid at the close being 8 to 1. Major St. Paul's colt, which is in the same stable as Bee's-wing, was in request at half the odds betted against him a fortnight since, the mare declining as a matter of course. No change in the others.

7 to 2	agst	Mr. W. Scott's Bro. to St. Giles.
5 to 1	—	the Hon. Col. Westenra's Wedge (take 6 to 1).
8 to 1	—	Mr. Bird's Redshank (take 17 to 2).
8 to 1	—	Lord Lichfield's Elis.
9 to 1	—	Mr. Allanson's Vulture (taken).
9 to 1	—	Hon. E Mostyn's Trapball.
9 to 1	—	Lord Wilton's Gladiator.
16 to 1	—	Mr. Orde's Bee's wing (taken).
22 to 1	—	Major St. Paul's colt (taken).
40 to 1	—	Mr. Osbaldeston's Ebbertson (taken).
7 to 4	—	Bro. to Giles and Wedge (taken).
7 to 2	—	Vulture, Redshank, and Mr. St. Paul's colt (taken).
9 to 1	—	Carew and Bee's-wing (taken).

The Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria are expected at the next Doncaster Races. They were there last year.

On Wednesday, at Egham Races, Lord Chesterfield's Hornsea won the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes, and on Thursday won the King's Plate.

On Tuesday week, there was a pugilistic fight between Jack Adams, of London, and Jack Lane, of Birmingham. Lane beat Owen Swift, not long since, and is only 22—Adams being 32. After 16 rounds, Adams gave in: Lane's youth conquered him. The fight was for £50 a-side.

GEORGE JONES is in Liverpool, and sails by this packet. Hackett and Mrs. Sharpe also go in the *England*. Mrs. S. has had brilliant success here; her conception of the character of Lady Macbeth is admirable. The critics here say that she bears a close personal resemblance to Mrs. Siddons. Macready is *not* going to America, but it is likely that Malibran will. She was offered £15,000 for one year, [*Quere*, by PRICE & SIMPSON, of the Park theatre, New York?] and a per centage on the receipts besides!

☞ A perfect armada of Foreign Packets has arrived since our last, and we are flooded with letters, magazines and papers, from friends and correspondents abroad. We have space but for a single foreign letter, as will be apparent from the crowded state of our columns. To give a taste of their quality, we have selected an article from the "Old," and the "New," English Sporting Magazines, and another from the *Bengal* Sporting Magazine. From them and the Sportsman, [another new monthly mag.], Bell's Life in London, the Sheet Racing Calendar, York Herald, and half a dozen other sporting publications, we shall be enabled to fill our columns after a manner that will be a caution to the knowing ones!

Sporting Intelligence.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Glencoe will stand next season at the stable of JAMES JACKSON, Esq., Florence, Ala. He left town for the South about ten days since, in company with *Lady Fly*, *Florestine*, and others, in charge of Tom Flintoff, Mr. J.'s groom, who brought them over in such admirable order.

The "*North Alabama Jockey Club Association*" is the name of a Joint Stock Company recently formed at Huntsville, Ala. It is intended by the Company to apply to the next Legislature for an act of incorporation, etc. It has purchased of Mr. PRYOR, the race course, and extensive grounds at Huntsville, situated about a mile only from the Public Square, whereon the Association propose erecting such buildings and fixtures as will make that place the Newmarket of the South-west. The first Fall meeting of the Association commences on the 8th of Nov. Go ahead!

Tennessee vs. *Kentucky* AGAIN!—We understand that a grand "flare up" may be expected shortly, from two rival Turfmen of these two States. Go it, Tennessee, up to the handle! Hit 'em again, Old Kentuck!

Leviathan, whose stock is so popular at the West, will stand another season at Col. GEORGE ELLIOTT's stables at Gallatin, Tenn. He cleared over $10,000 last year, and immense sums have been offered for his services one season, in several of the neighboring States.

Capt. R. F. STOCKTON's splendid racing stallion *Trustee*, (by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, imported in 1834—5,) has been taken up, and is now in training, with the other good ones in Capt. S.'s stable, at Trenton, N. J. From all accounts, his brilliant career on the turf is far from its close. In a private trial, about a fortnight since, with *Middlesex* and *Monmouth*, both in tip top condition, and a couple of the fleetest two mile horses at the North, Trustee beat them out half a dozen lengths easily, in a two mile trial, with something to spare in hand.

NEW RACE COURSE AT NEW ORLEANS.—At the close of the National J. C. races, at Washington, this week, Capt. Y. N. OLIVER, the senior proprietor of the course, leaves, with his racing stable (comprising six or eight) for New Orleans, where he proposes fitting up a good track, with buildings and suitable fixtures, on a very extensive scale. The Captain is liberal in his views, understands his business thoroughly, and withal, is energetic and enterprising. The citizens of New Orleans are favorably disposed towards the project, and if the Captain "hits 'em hard" at the first go off, his fortune is made. By giving heavy purses, the crack stables from "all the regions roundabout," will visit him, as they can readily by steam from Mobile, Natchez, etc. etc. *Nota Bene*. Let the green horns at the "soft places" look out for the Captain's stable on its route! He has no idea of footing it all the way from Washington to New Orleans, without getting hold of some pretty pickings somewhere that will "help pay expences!"

On Thursday week, will come off the first meeting over the new course at Camden, N. J., opposite Philadelphia. The track is said to be in fine order, though the first spade of earth was turned up since the 4th July. It is proposed to erect a commodious hotel on the premises, and other fixtures, for the accommodation of strangers and turfmen with their stables. These plans are not yet matured, of course; still enough has been done to warrant the holding of a meeting this Fall. The purses offered are liberal, and in addition to several stables from Long Island and Jersey itself, the proprietors have received assurances of the attendance of several distinguished turfmen from Maryland and the Old Dominion.

FOOT RACE FOR $200 ASIDE.—A Foot Race came off on the 8th inst., as we learn by a correspondent, for $200 aside, at Richmond, Va., between a Mr. CAMPBELL of New York, and a Mr. GREEN. The New Yorker won "in a canter." He had better banter STANNARD, who will leave his Pedestrian Hotel, at Killingworth, Conn., for a week or two, provided there is a chance for pocketing one of Mr. Biddle's largest "monsters."

An inside stake has been made up between Col. O. CLAIBORNE and JOHN J. GOOCH, Esq., both of Mississippi, upon the race, Three mile heats, at the next Spring meeting at Natchez, of $5000 a-side. Col. Claiborne runs *Antelope* and Mr. Gooch *Jim Polk*.

Mr. JOHN G. PERRY writes us under date of St. Francisville, La., Sept. 8th, that he has not only *not* "cut his stick" for another world, but that he "still flutters," much to the annoyance of some of his "old friends," as he terms them. Mr. P. enclosed to us a recent pamphlet of his, addressed "*To the Sporting World*," containing 17 closely printed 18mo. pages, wherein he lays before the public an *expose* of his racing career at Natchez. This expose he wishes "inserted in the Spirit of the Times, either for '*love* or *money*.'" Now, we either ought or ought not to publish it; and the question whether we are paid for the same or not, should have, and has, no effect upon our decision. The address abounds in personalities, and several gentlemen, widely and favorably known as men of character and rank in society in the States of Louisiana and Mississippi, are reflected upon in rude and unseemly terms. If we see no reason to doubt the facts alleged by Mr. Perry, neither have we grounds for the belief that the individuals referred to have, by any acts of theirs, forfeited those claims upon the regard of their fellow citizens which the statements of Mr. P. would seem to indicate. For the present, therefore, and until we are convinced that the gentlemen referred to *are* obnoxious to the censure heaped upon them, we must decline the insertion of Mr. P's *expose* "either for 'love *or* money.'"

UPPER MARLBORO' (Md.) RACES came off last week, and we are a little disappointed that no report should have reached us. Possibly the letter of a special reporter of ours, who was on the ground, may have miscarried. If so, and this paragraph meets his eye, let him make up another forthwith. An esteemed Virginia correspondent writes that "Rumor says—

Robt. Gilmor, Esq.'s g. c. by Byron, won the Sweepstakes.

Charles Magic won the Match, $500 a-side, beating *Camilla*.

Mr. Geo. Stockett's filly, by Sussex, won the Mile heats.

Mr. J. S. Garrison's *Bumper*, by John Richards, 4 yrs., won the Three mile heats

Mr. Geo. Duvall's *Prince George*, (brother to Argyle,) won the Four mile heats, at three heats; the first heat having been taken by Gov. Sprigg's *Atalanta*.

☞ The *Programme* of the Second Fall meeting on the Union Course, intended for to-day's paper, got mislaid, and was not discovered until too late for insertion. It will of course appear in our next.

Bstsey Malone will be stinted to *Consul* next season.

SALES OF BLOOD STOCK.

We have great pleasure in laying before the sporting world the annexed report of sales of Blooded Stock, embracing some of the most favorite crosses on both sides of the Atlantic. The handsome prices which this stock readily produced, tells well for the enterprize and spirit of the turfmen and breeders at the South and West, and demonstrates fully the truth of an opinion we have all along advanced that the breeding of blooded horses is one of the most profitable pursuits to which agriculturalists and farmers generally can turn their attention.

E. H. BOARDMAN, Esq., of near Huntsville, Ala., has recently made the sales annexed from the number advertised in the Spirit of the Times:—

To Capt. N. DAVIS, of Limestone Co., Ala., his imported mare *Design*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1827: got by Tramp, out of Defiance by Rubens—stinted to *Consol*.—Price 3000 dollars.

To JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Florence, Ala., his imported mare *Delight*, a bay, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1828: got by Reveller out of Design's dam.—Price 3000 dollars.

To Maj. S. RAGLAND, of Huntsville, Ala., his imported bay filly *Julia Tattersall*, dropped in 1835: got by Windcliffe, by Whalebone, out of Design by Tramp.—Price 1250 dollars.

To WM. WALLACE, Esq., of Greensboro, Ala., his ch. c. *Tom Cringle*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Old Archy; foaled the 14th March, 1832.—Price 2500 dollars.

To the same gentleman, his bay filly *Mary Jane*, by Bertrand out of a Top-Gallant mare, dropped in 1834.—Price 500 dollars.

To JOHN BLEVINS, Esq., of Ala., one half of *Pilot*, by Wild Bill, dam Brunette, by Sir Hal.—Price 1000 dollars.

To JAMES H. WEBSTER, Esq., of Maury, Tenn., his ch. mare *Cleopatra*, bred in 1831: by Bertrand out of a Pacolet mare, stinted to *Consol*. Also, a ch. colt at foot, by Leviathan, and a bay filly by Wild Bill, dropped in 1835.—Price not given.

Mr. JESSE HANIE, of Tennessee, recently sold his ch. f. *Fanny Bell*, (a 3 year old, by Murat out of an Oscar mare) for $2000, to Col. R. SMITH, of Murfreesboro', Tenn. Col. S. has since sold her for *three* thousand dollars.

Mr. JOHN CONOLLY, of Huntsville, Ala., has sold lately to Col. JOHN CROWELL, of Fort Mitchell, Ala., the following blooded stock:—*Grey Goose*, the dam of *John Bascomb*, with a foal at foot, by Editor. Also, *Morocco Slipper*, by Timoleon, dam by Pacolet.—Price for the three, 3000 dollars.

Mr. GEO. A. WILIE, of Nashville, Tenn., sold a ch. c. by Leviathan, 3 years old, two weeks since, for $2000, to Mr. HARRISON, the turfman, of Alabama.

Col. ROBERT SMITH, of Murfreesboro', Tenn., has sold his ch. f. *Fanny Bell*, (by Murat, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs.) to GEORGE CHEATHAM, Esq., of Turnersville, Tenn., for three thousand dollars.

NATIONAL J. C. RACES, WASHINGTON.

"Bring us no more reports!" at least not until next week, for here on Friday morning we have half a dozen. We have barely room to state the meeting commenced last Tuesday, the 11th inst.

FIRST DAY, Oct. 11, 1836. Sweepstakes for 3 yrs. old, 86 lbs.; sub. $200—ft. $50. Two mile heats, 5 subscribers.

Francis Thompson's g. c. *Isaac of York*, by Sir Charles	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. by Henry, dam by Eclipse	2	2

Time: 3:55—3:59.

Second Race.—For *The Washington Plate*, value $500. Two mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's s. h. *Bumper*, by John Richards, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	2	1	1
Mr. Thomson's b. m. *Virginia Graves*, by Sir Charles dam by Alfred, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1	2	dr.
John Heth's br. m. by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	3	3	dr.

Time, 3:51—3:56—walked over.

SECOND DAY.—Sweepstakes, Mile heats, for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, bred in Dist. Columbia and Md. Sub. $100, ft. $50; 5 subs.

M. D. Bowie's ch. h. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles, out of Lady Amelia, by Magic	1	1
Philip Wallis' gr. f. *Molinera*, by Medley, out of Algerina	3	2
Geo. L. Stockett's b. f. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, out of Harriet Maynard's dam	2	dr.

BROAD ROCK AND TREE HILL (Va.) RACES.

It is singular, that up to the present time we are without a complete report of these two meetings. By the way, what is quite *as* singular, the first sentence of this paragraph was but that moment written, when a report of the two great days was received from the Post Office, with the result of the two first days at Washington. We have not time and room at this late hour (Friday morning) for but a brief summary.

Broad Rock Jockey Club Fall Races, over the Tree Hill Course.

Sept. 30, 1836.—J. C. Purse, $500. Three mile heats. Ent. $20.

George Goodwin's br. m. *Catharine Davis*, by Tonson, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs., 100lbs	1	1
Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Tonson, 6 yrs. 118 lbs	2	2
James P. Corbin's ch. h. *Paul Jones*, by Washington, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	3	3

Time, 1st heat, 5:55—2d, 6:10½.

First heat won won by half a neck only—the mare having put the heat on a brush.

Tree Hill Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1836.

Oct. 6.—Jockey Club Purse, $1000. Four mile heats.

Geo. Goodwin's br. m. *Catharine Davis*, by Tonson, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1	1
W. R. Johnson's gr. m. *Ironette*, by Contention, dam by Packingham, aged, 100 lbs	2	2
Richard Adams' bl. h. *Black Heath*, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	2	dis.

Time, 8:13—8:13. Won in hand. Black Heath became restive, kicked, and almost stopped in the race, as *Shark* used to in the latter part of his career on the turf.

LOUISIANA AGAINST KENTUCKY!

Challenge, Linnet vs. Rodolph, for $10,000 or $30,000.

The Editor of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times is authorized to state that Hugh Carlin, Esq., of Alexandria, La., will run after December next, his ch. f. LINNET, (by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs.), against Capt. Sidney Burbridge's (of Frankfort, Ky.) b. h. RODOLPH, (by Archy of Transport, dam by Moses, 5 yrs.), for from Ten to Thirty Thousand Dollars, half forfeit, three or four mile heats, over the Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss. The Rules of the Central Course, Baltimore, to govern.

NASHVILLE (Tenn.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Our special Reporter furnishes the details annexed, of the Nashville Races, two months "in advance of the (Baltimore) mail." A great number of fine horses were on the ground, and the races went off with eclat. The regular Club meeting commenced on Tuesday, the 27th ult., on the day previous to which came off

A Sweepstake for *two* yr. olds. One mile out. Sub., $100, h. ft. 67 lbs.

James Jackson's (J. Elliott's) ch. f. *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana, by Pacolet	1
Robert Smith's b. f. *Helen Davis*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon	2
John C. Beasley's (A. Russell's) b. f. Pacific, out of Grey-tail, Country-Maid's dam	pd. ft.
Stokely Donaldson's b. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Hal	pd. ft.

Time, 2:0. Won in a canter, Helen being amiss.

OFFICERS OF THE NASHVILLE JOCKEY CLUB, 1836.

H. PETWAY, Esq. *President*.

L. P. Cheatham, Esq. *Sec'y pro tem.* (in the absence of Hugh Kirkman, Esq.)

Judges—Jas. Gordon, Saml. J. Carter, E. H. Boardman, and L. P. Cheatham.

Timers—Hon. Bailie Peyton, and Gen. Robt. Desha.

Fall Meeting of the Nashville (Tenn.) Jockey Club.

First Day, Sept. 27, 1836.—Purse, $300, and $120 (ent. money) added. Two mile heats.

James Jackson's ch. f. *Wax-Light*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Pigeon, by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1	1
John C. Beasley's (Duke W. Sumner's) b. f. *Hortense*, by Pacific, dam by Little Wonder, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	3	2
John Crow's br. c. *Superior*, by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	2	3
Thos. A. Pankey's ch. c. *Yeuker*, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs, 86 lbs	dist.	

Time, 4:17—4:16½. Course very heavy.

They got away together, Wax-Light having the pole and the lead, Superior running a fair second, and Hortense 3d. On the back stretch, Wax-Light declined, and Superior went in front, Yeuker far in the rear. The pace was moderate, and the first mile these relative positions were maintained. Hortense in the 2d, came out of the crowd, and made an effort for the lead—looked like a winner for an hundred yards, and then "shut up." The pace mended on the last quarter, as Wax-Light and Superior set to work in earnest; but the Superior colt was unequal to the superfine filly, who came home like a stone from a catapult, and passed the stand two lengths ahead; Yeuker "no where."

Second heat. After several false starts, Hortense and Superior got away, Wax-Light losing several lengths, from the inattention of her groom, in not letting her go at the signal. The odds, however, were in her favor for the race, though some money was laid out that Hortense took this heat. The skirmishing between her and Superior was very exciting, and they had the fun all to themselves until the 2d mile, when Wax-Light came up and collared Superior, and after a smart brush gave him the "go by," and then "put out" for her beautiful rival, the Pacific filly. Now came the tug of war. Wax-Light soon locked her, and finally won the heat cleverly, after a very severe struggle, in 4:16½, which, considering the state of the track, was excellent time, as the course was fetlock deep. Owing to the rain, but comparatively few spectators were in attendance, but those were exceedingly interested by the superior character of the horses, and their excellent performance.

Second Day.—Purse, $500, and $80 (ent. money) added. Three mile heats.

James Jackson's ch. f. *Extio*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of White-Feathers, by Conqueror, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1	1
John Crow's gr. h. ——, by Washington, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	2	2

Time, 6:29—6:25. Track still heavy.

This race excited little sensation, from the disparity between the entries, 5 to 1 being freely offered on Extio before the start, and 100 to 5 after the first heat. Lee rode the filly to a charm, while Mr. Crow's jockey played fast and loose with his horse, and prevented any display of the "good stuff" he has in him; the result was, he was beaten "all to pieces." At least 25 seconds better time might have been made, as was proved by his making up "horrid gaps" whenever it was "Go along horse" with his rider.

After the race, Mr. Carlin, of Alexandria, La., offered $2000 for *Extio*, which was refused.

Third Day.—Purse, $700, with $300 (ent. money) added. Four mile heats.

James Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickenson's) b. c. *Wacousta*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	3	1	1
Robert Smith's ch. f. *Fanny Bell*, by Murat, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	1	3	2
John C. Beasley's (Saml. Ragland's) bl. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	2	2	3
Thos. A Pankey's b. h. *Harkaway*, by Merlin, out of Isabella, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	dist.		
John Crow's b. c. by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	dist.		
L. P. Cheatham's (Col. Dickenson's) b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Bagdad, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	dist.		

Time, 8:13—8:12—8:24. Track heavy.

The above race was decidedly one of the best contested lately seen. The course was well attended, and the ladies' stand was crowded. About 12 o'clock the horses were called up. Wacousta was the favorite against the field. Othello, however, having beaten him at Gallatin week before last, had many backers, while Fanny was almost entirely out of the question, though by her running she proved herself one of the best three mile nags in the country, and had she been in good order, no doubt she would have astonished the crowd. As it was, she did wonders, considering that she has run three weeks in succession, winning both at Gallatin and Hartsville, Tenn.

At the tap of the drum, they got off tolerably well, the Havoc colt having the track, which Harkaway soon took, and lead the first round without being the least pressed; in the second he still had the pole, Othello second, Fanny third, Wacousta fourth, the Havoc colt fifth, and the Bertrand far in the rear. In the third their positions were changed, Harkaway giving place to Othello, with Fanny and Wacousta trailing close behind—the Havoc and Bertrand colts in the rear. On the 4th mile Fanny made a push at Othello, dashed quickly past him, left the *Moor* to the society of Wacousta, who was not running for the heat, and won easily by two lengths, the Havoc and Bertrand colts, with Harkaway in their company, distanced.

Second heat. The three "cracks" appeared at the pole in good order, having cooled off well. Wacousta still the favorite. They are off, Fanny leading, closely pursued by Wacousta, Othello laying back. Wacousta collared the filly, who immediately declined, but on the 2d mile she ran up to and challenged him, and they ran neck and neck for some lengths, when Wacousta's gallantry compelled him to give way to the lady, who came in first. The third round: Fanny still had the pole, which she kept, Wacousta laying back, Othello third. The fourth: Wacousta now came into action, and the contest was severe, but eventually the filly fell back. Othello, who had not run for the heat, now took it up, and Fanny being pressed by both, could not go the pace, and was headed, coming in third, Othello second, Wacousta winning the heat with ease.

Third heat. This was a most interesting heat, the struggle being desperately sustained. In the first and fourth rounds (for the state of the track) the pace was killing. They came up to the post not in the least distressed, and at the tap of the drum, Wacousta and Othello got off, leaving Fanny, who was restive, at least thirty yards behind. On the first half mile, Fanny went up to Othello and "tried it on," but quickly retired to her previous station; thus they continued through the second and third rounds, Wacousta leading all the way. In the fourth, Fanny again challenged Othello, locked him, and passed, but could not "hold her own." Othello gave her the "go by," and brushed up to Wacousta, and the two were several times locked, but Wacousta shook him off, and came in, winning the heat and race, Othello second, and Fanny third; but according to the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club, Fanny was placed second, she having taken one heat. Immediately after the race, Mr. Smith refused $2500 for her.

Fourth Day.—Lades' Purse, $250, with $210 (ent. money) added Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John C. Beasley's (Duke W. Sumner's) b. f. *Hortense*, by Pacific, dam by Little Wonder, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	5	1	1	5	1
Geo. Cheatham's b. h. *Bailie Peyton*, by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	4	4	2	1	2
James Jackson's ch. c. *Palladium*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1	2	3	4	dr.
John Crow's gr. h. by Washington, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	6	6	4	3	3
Thos. A. Pankey's b. h. *Comfort*, by Merlin, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	7	5	5	2	4
Robt. Smith's gr. c. *John O'Handlin*, by Sir Richard, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	2	3	dr.		
Arnold Russell's gr. h. *Sam. Houston*, by Washington, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	3	dr.			

Time, 1st heat, 1:55—2d, 1:53—3d, 1:58—4th, 1:57—5th, 1:54.

Palladium and Hortense were the favorites; after parading before the judges' stand, the word was given, "Are you ready?"—"Off." Hortense had the track, but Palladium soon shot ahead, followed by John O'Handlin, and contested the heat with the Leviathan, who won it cleverly.

Second heat. Sam. Houston was drawn, evidently out of condition. At the tap of the drum they are off, John O'Handlin taking the lead, Palladium second, the rest in a cluster. In the last half mile, Hortense came out of the crowd and won the heat with ease.

Third heat. Only five made their appearance. After a false start, they got off well together, Comfort taking the pole, with Bailie Peyton at his heels. On the back stretch, Hortense and Palladium took up the running, and the former won the heat after a very exciting contest.

Fourth heat. The bets were now in favor of the Pacific. Comfort again took the lead, Palladium second, Bailie third. The Pacific got a bad start; this heat was well contested between Palladium and Bailie, who "trumped out" in fine style.

Fifth heat. Only four made their appearance at the post, Palladium having been withdrawn. Comfort again took the track, followed by Bailie. Hortense soon showed all of them a clean pair of heels, winning the heat and race with ease.

Last Day, Saturday, Oct. 1.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, 86 and 83 lbs. Mile heats. Sub., $100, h. ft.

John C. Beasley's (Saml. Ragland's) b. f. *Queen of Diamonds*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy	1	1
Robt. Smith's gr. c. *John O'Handlin*, by Sir Richard, dam by Sir Archy	2	2
James Jackson's b. f. *Levinteen*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy	pd. ft.	

Time, 1st heat, 1:55—2d, 1:53.

The above Sweepstakes came off this morning as a wind up to the Nashville Fall meeting. Levinteen being drawn, the contest was between John O'Handlin and Maj. Ragland's filly. John had the pole, and at the tap of the drum they got well off together. John had the lead, but on the back stretch the filly went gallantly up to him, shot ahead, and won the heat by two lengths. John took the lead by himself the second heat, the mare not starting until John had got at least 50 yards ahead; but she went at a killing pace, and overhauled him on the last quarter stretch, when a desperate struggle ensued, which resulted in John's discomfiture, the beautiful Queen of Diamonds winning the heat and race by her saddle girth.

Our correspondent remarks that, "from the bad time which has been made this meeting, you may naturally conclude that we have not had much crack running; but the weather has been so unsettled of late, that it was impossible to make good time."

Trenton Races Postponed. Fall Meeting.

We are desired by the Proprietor to announce, that in consequence of the Presidential Election taking place in New Jersey on the first week in November, and the fact that the Long Island Races also take place the same week, the Trenton Races will commence on the *Second Tuesday* in November *instead of the First*. The races will continue *four days*. Good purses will be given for both Running and Trotting. Further particulars will soon be given in this paper.

TROTTING MATCH AGAINST TIME.

On Monday last, the 10th instant, came off a trotting match against time over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia. The Clerk of the course, last week, promised to send us a complete report of the match, which has not come to hand; we therefore can give but such brief details of the *attempt*, as have reached us from other sources, the newspapers of that city being perfectly silent on the subject.

The match was to this effect:—$1000 to $500 that *Mount Holly*, (a gr. g. owned by James Brown), did not trot Twenty Miles in One Hour. Mr. B. was allowed about two months in which to perform the feat, on giving the opposite party due notice when the performance would be attempted. After several postponements, the match came off as above.

At the first go off, Mount Holly was restive, and broke up repeatedly. He was ridden shockingly, says our informant, for the first five or six miles, and completed not a single mile under 5 minutes, while the average time was much more. Mr. Brown now changed his rider, and the effect was at once apparent. The horse got into fine action, and maintained his stride to the 17th mile. He had lost so much time, however, on the first six miles, that it was impossible to recover, and Mr. Brown withdrew him and gave up the match. The 17 miles were accomplished in 53 minutes 18 seconds, leaving 6 minutes and 42 seconds only in which to complete the remaining 3 miles. The horse was not the least distressed, and had he been properly rode throughout, there is little doubt of his having won the match. The backers of the horse are as sanguine as ever of his ability to perform this almost unparalleled feat, and we hear will "try it on" once more for double the money.

HARTSVILLE (Tenn.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The annual Fall meeting of this Club commenced on Thursday, the 22d ult., and continued three days. Our special Reporter gives the particulars annexed.

First Day, Sept. 22, 1836.—Purse, $430. Three mile heats.

Capt. Jesse Hanie's ch. f. *Fanny Bell*, by Murat, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	1	1
A. Ewries b. c. by Leviathan, dam by Jackson's Truxton, 4 yrs. 100lbs	3	2
Thos. Barry's gr. c. by Sir Henry Tonson, out of the dam of John Miller, by Imp. Whip, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	2	dis.
Col. R. Smith's b. c. by Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	4	dis.

Time, 1st heat, 6:42—2d, 6:13.

Second Day.—Purse, $250. Two mile heats.

A. Ewries' b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	2	1	1
Col. R. Smith's gr. c. by Sir Richard, d. by President, 3 ys. 86 lbs	1	2	2

Time, 1st heat, 4:1½—2d, 4:1—3d, 4:12.

Third Day.—Purse, $200. Mile heats.

Col. R. Burford's ch. h. by Stockholder, out of Patty Puff, by Pacolet, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	2	1	1
Richard Hall's b. m. by Sir Hal, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	4	3	2
John Coplinger's gr. f. 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1	4	dis.
Col. R. Smith's b. h. Washington, by Washington, dam by Sir Arthur, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	3	2	dis.

Time, 1st heat, 1:54—2d, 1:57—3d, 1:59.

There came off over this course the week previous, (Sept. 16th,) a colts stake, as follows:—

Sept. 16.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Mile heats. Sub., *a bale of cotton*. 8 subs.

Thos. Barry's gr. c. by Sir Henry Tonson, out of John Miller's dam, 86 lbs	1	1
John Coplinger's br. f. by Sir Archie, 83 lbs	2	2

Time not recorded, but "pretty bang up."

Cleveland (Ohio) Races.—We learn that the four mile purse, $800, was won by Mr. Bush's Waterloo, in 2 heats. Five horses started. Second day, purse $100, also won by Mr. Bush, with his br. c. Tom Branch. We are glad to find that our friend Mr. Bush is doing all that his own conduct and the ability of his nags deserve. We learn that Mr. Bush is now, with three colts of his stable, at the Grave Creek Races, from which place doubtless we will shortly hear a good account of him. Pittsburgh Manufacturer.

PITTSBURGH (Pa.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The "American Manufacturer" furnishes a report of these races, to which we have added the weights carried, etc.

First Day, Sept. 29, 1836. Purse $300. Four mile heats.

P. C. Bush's br. h. *Waterloo*, by Eclipse, dam by Hickory 4 yrs. 10lbs. extra, 110lbs.	0	1	1
Mr. J. T. Zeilley's g. mare, *Effy*, by Pirate, dam by Consul, 5 yrs. 107lbs.	0	2	dis
Dr. Coryell's ch. h. by Henry, dam by Expedition, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	bolted & dis.		

Time: 1st heat, 8:40—2d heat, 8:15.—3d not kept.

The Manufacturer (published at Pittsburgh,) remarks:—

"Some doubts having arisen about the age of Mr. Bush's horse, and the judges determining him to be a 5 year old, notwithstanding most abundant and satisfactory proof was adduced by Mr. Bush that he was but four, the race was almost postponed on this account, the other persons refusing to run their nags except Waterloo ran for a 5 year old. After Mr. Bush had taken his horse out of the race and from the field, he however, in order not to spoil the sport, and at the earnest solicitation of numerous gentlemen agreed to enter and run him as a four year old, but carry five year old weight. This he did, and to the credit of his horse be it said, he won the purse handsomely, although we regret that nearly at the end of the last heat his horse injured himself by running over some hogs on the track, from which injury however he hope he will recover."

One of the owners of *Waterloo* informed the editor of this paper last Fall, that the horse was then three yrs. old, and we know that he carried weight only for a 3 yr. old last season. The Manufacturer gave his pedigree thus, last week:

"Mr. Bush's Waterloo, 4 yrs. old, by Eclipse, out of *dam of Post Boy!*"

and this week the editor corrects that entry, and gives us the one annexed:—

P. C. Bush's br. h. Waterloo, 4 yrs. old, by Eclipse, *dam by Hickory!*

Last season we reported half a dozen races in which he was entered, and from data furnished by both of his then owners (one of whom was Mr. P. C. Bush, himself,) and they stated it to be as follows:—

P. C. Bush's b. c. Waterloo, by Eclipse, *dam by Waterloo*. 3 yrs. old.

We would merely suggest to the owner of Waterloo that by fixing upon *any* good horse he may select as the sire of the dam of Waterloo, and "sticking to it" he would prevent confusion, and oblige us, and turfmen generally. Waterloo is a mighty fine horse, but for all that, he is entitled to but one grandsire. Some of our readers may remember a race of his over the Golden Hill Course, at Syracuse, N. Y. (Oct. 27, 1835,) when he beat *Maria* and *Therese Bassett*, 4 mile heats, in a sweepstakes for three yr. olds, the terms of which were that *the winner should take all the horses!* It was "a Waterloo defeat" sure enough, to the other "turfmen" on the ground, for Waterloo won the stakes, and carried off the field!

Second Day.—Purse, $200. Three mile heats.

Mr. Stockton's s. g. *Crowder*, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	0	1	1
J. T. Zeilley's g. m. *Effy*, by Pirate, dam by Consul, 5 ys 107 lbs	0	2	2
H. Gallagher's s. c. *John*, by Pirate,	dis.		
John McGinnis's b. h. by Bertrand, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	dis.		

Time, 1st heat, 6:12—2d, 6:18—3d, 6:20.

Same Day.—Purse, $200. Two mile heats. For 3 yr. olds, 86 and 83 lbs.

P. C. Bush's b. f. *Polly Plymouth*, by Sir Charles, dam by Virginian	1	1
Mr. Morgan's b. f. *Lady White Legs*, by Oscar, dam by Whip	2	2
Mr. Taylor's b. f. by Shakspeare	3	dis.
Dr. Corryell's r. s. by Paul Pry	dis.	

Time, 1st heat, 3:54—2d, 4:15.

[It seems the purses for the races, 2 and 3 mile heats, were equal, at least so it appears by the "Manufacturer." We suspect the race above was a common Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, and not for a purse. We have transposed the two last races, as the Manufacturer of last weeek made no mention of a race, 2 mile heats, as coming off on the 1st or 4 mile day.]

Third Day.—Purse, $150. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

P. C. Bush's br. c. *Tom Branch*, by Star, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	1	1	1
J. T. Zeilley's s. h. *Cavalier*, by Consul, dam by ——, 6 yrs. 118 lbs	3	2	2
Sorrel mare, by Ohio Post Boy, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	5	3	dis.
Mr. Morgan's br. f.	2	dis.	
Dr. Corryell's s. h. by Sir Henry	4	dis.	
Thomas Leggett's s. c. by Pirate	bolt. & dis.		

Time, 1:54—1:59—1:58.

A saddle race concluded the sports of this meeting. It was won by Col. Wm. Small's br. m. *Nahmeoka*, in good time.

In the report above, our readers may be puzzled to make out the gender of "Dr. Corryell's r. s.," and we regret our inability to solve the riddle. The name of the owner of the "Sorrel mare by *Ohio* Post Boy," is not *quite* so perspicuous as it might have been; but as the fact will afford our subscribers "Down East" a legitimate subject for the exercise of one of their dearest privileges—*guessing*, the report will lose none of its interest from that circumstance.

HOPKINSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Our special Reporter writes that the *Long Grove Course*, near this pleasant village, has been recently established. It is delightfully situated, about a mile from Hopkinsville. Several gentlemen in the vicinity last season formed themselves into a Club, which takes the name placed at the head of this report. Their first meeting commenced on the 7th Sept. last, with a Sweepstakes for all ages, and the meeting continued for three days. Considering the heaviness of the track and the state of the weather—it having rained each day—the time made is very fair. The track is ten feet over a mile.

On the day previous to the regular Club meeting, came off a Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, free for all ages, sub. $500, h. ft.

John Cooper's gr. c. *Lem Gustine*, by Mercury, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs 110 lbs	3	1	1
L. L. Levell's bl. m. *Streamlet*, by Childers, out of Grecian Princess, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	2	2	2
Thos. A. Pankey's b. c. *Harkaway*, by Merlin, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	1	dis.	
John Poindexter's b. c. *Louisiana*, by Randolph's Janus, dam by Florizel, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	dis.		

Time, 1st heat, 3:55—2d, 4:2—3d, 4:15.

First Day, Sept. 8, 1836.—Purse, $200, and $200 (ent. money) added. Two mile heats.

A. V. Long's b. c. *Hardy M. Cryer*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	1	1
Thompson Ewen's b. c. *Snakeroot*, by Pacific, dam unknown, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	2	2
Geo. Hopson's b. c. *Bucephalus*, by Stockholder, dam by Knowsley, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	3	3
L. L. Levell's b.c. *Kentuckian*, by Pacific, dam by Cook's Whip, 3 ys. 86 lbs	dist.	

Time, 1st heat, 3:58—2d, 4:0.

Second Day.—Purse, $100, and $180 (ent. money) added. Mile heats.

A. V. Long's b. f. *Mary Jane Davis*, by Stockholder, dam by Sir Arthur, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1	1
L. L. Levell's bl. m. *Streamlet*, by Childers, out of Grecian Princess, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	2	2
John Poindexter's b. c. *Louisiana*, by Randolph's Janus, dam by Florizel, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	3	dr.
Thompson Ewen's b. f. *Gulnare*, by Bertrand, dam unknown, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	dis.	
Edmund Bacon's gr. c. *Wonder*, by Lafayette, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	dis.	
A. Tyler's b. c. *Cromwell*, by Young Timoleon, dam unknown, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	dis.	

Time, 1st heat, 2:0—2d, 2:2.

Third Day.—Purse, $100, and $30 (ent. money) added. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. A. Pankey's br. c. *Compact*, (alias Comfort,) by Merlin, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1	1	1
Thompson Ewen's b. c. by Pacific, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	2	2	2

Time, 1st heat, 2:15—2d, 2:17—3d, 2:18.

JEFFERSON (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The Fall meeting of the Club commenced on their course at Charlestown, on the 25th ult. The "Free Press" furnishes us with the annexed report. We will premise that 3 yr. olds carry 86 lbs; 4, 100 lbs; 5, 110 lbs; 6, 118 lbs; and aged, 124 lbs. Three lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.

First Day, Sept. 25, 1836. Match, $500 a-side. Four mile heats.

Col. Duvall's s. h. *Charley Scott*, 4 yrs. old, by Sir Charles, dam by Contention	1	1
G. C. Harness's b. f., 4 yrs. old, by Star, dam by Seymour's Eagle	2	2

Time, 8:40—8:39.

The filly ran restive, and tried to bolt throughout the first heat. In the second, she took the lead at the start, and gradually gained on the horse until she had run

3¼ miles, when, being 150 yards a-head, she bolted, and threw the rider over a fence. He got back again, and some one having caught the mare, re-mounted, and saved his distance.

Same Day (after Match Race)—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts. Entrance, $100, h. ft.

Wm. C. House's b f. by Agrippa, dam by Walnut	3	1	1
J. B. Kendall's c. f. by Sir Charles	1	2	2
W. Cleveland's b. f. by Restless, dam by Sir Archy	2	dis.	

Time, 1:52—1:57—2:2.

A beautiful race. The Restless filly got a bad start at the first heat. The winner out of a half sister to Enciero.

Second Day. Four mile heats. Purse, $500.

J. B. Kendall's b. m. *Campsidel*, 5 yrs., by Industry, dam by Sir Hal	1	1
Thomas Doswell's b. h. *Orphan Boy*, 4 yrs., by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough	2	2
R. B. Tyler's c. h. *Deposit*, 5 yrs., by Gohanna, dam by Contention	dis.	

Time, 8:47—8:35.—Won with ease.

Third Day. Best 3 in 5. Purse, $200. Mile heats.

J. M. Manning's br. g. *Sam Patch*, 4 yrs. by Champion, dam by ——	6	1	3	3	3	1	1
G. C. Harness's b. g. *Mallon*, 6 yrs. by Rattler, dam by Top Gallant	5	4	4	1	1	2	2
T. Doswell's s. h. *Deceiver*, 4 yrs. by Sir Charles, dam by Napoleon	7	6	1	2	2	dis.	
J. B. Kendall's b. h. *Velox*, 6 yrs. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Archy	2	3	2	4	dr		
R. B. Tyler's s. g. *Sambo*, 4 yrs. by Champion, dam unknown	1	2	5	dis			
John Strider's *Plough Boy*, 5 yrs. by Jefferson, dam by Oscar	3	5	dis.				
L. Hoffman's br. h. *Bagdad*, aged, by Bagdad Arabian	4	dis					
W. Moore's b. g. *Sybrandt*, 6 yrs. by Lafayette	dis.						

Time, 1:54—1:55—1:55—1:54—2:0—1:56—2:2.

Just about the most interesting race ever witnessed.

Fourth Day. Two mile heats. Purse, $300.

T. Doswell's bl. h. *Moscow*, by Tariff, dam by Trafalgar	4	1	1
L. Hoffman's s. m. *Maid-of-the-Neck*, 6 ys. by Maryland Eclipse, dam Windflower	2	0	2
G. C. Harness's b. h. *Partnership*, 5 yrs. by Star, dam by Coriander	3	4	3
J. B. Kendall's b. h. *Pythias*, 4 yrs. by Gohanna, dam by Bussard	5	5	4
J. Strider's br. h. *Revenge*, 5 yrs by Mons. Tonson, dam by Gracchus	1	0	dis.
J. Peter's *Hotspur*, jr., 4 yrs. by Hotspur, dam unknown	6	dis.	
W. Moore's b. g. *Sybrandt*, by Lafayette	dis.		

Time, 4:2—4:0—4:6.

The weather was fine—the track in good order—the course well attended—and every thing conducted in admirable style.

GALLATIN (Tenn.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Our special Reporter writes in relation to the details annexed, that they differ in some respects from the report of the races published in the "Gallatin Union," but that they are correct.

First Day, Sept. 13, 1836.—Produce Stakes for 3 yr. olds, 86 and 83lbs. Two mile heats; sub. $300, h. ft., 4 subs.

Jesse Hanie's ch. f. *Fanny Bell*, by Murat, dam by Oscar	1	1
W. W. Gift's br. c. *Saladin*, by Pacific, dam by Pacolet	2	dis
Hon. B. Peyton's ch. c. *Tom Benton*, by Crusader, out of Patty Puff, by Pacolet	pd. ft.	
Geo. A. Wilie's ch. c. by Leviathan, dam by Sir William	pd. ft.	

Time: 1st heat, 4:4—2d heat, 4:6¼.

Both heats won easily. Saladin was evidently in bad condition, being too low in flesh. The Leviathan colt was sold previous to the race to Mr. Harrison, of Ala., for 2000 dollars.

Second Day.—Jockey Club Purse, $100, ent. $10. Three mile heats.

John C. Beasley's bl. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs., 100lbs	1	1
James Jackson's ch. c. *Wacousta*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs., 100lbs	2	2
Smith C. Franklin's ch. f. *Matilda Routh*, by Stockholder, dam by Truxton, 5yrs., 107lbs	4	dr.
A. P. Yourie's b. c. *Bailie Peyton*, by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 3 yrs., 86lbs	3	dr.

Time: 1st heat, 7:15—2d heat, 6:58.

Third Day.—Jockey Club Purse, $750, ent. $50. Four mile heats.

James Jackson's ch. f. *Wax Light*, by Leviathan, out of Pigeon, by Pacolet, 4 yrs., 97lbs	1
Smith C. Franklin's b. c. by Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs., 100lbs	dis

Time: 10:15.

Fourth Day.—Purse, $300, ent. $30. Two mile heats.

Jesse Hanie's ch. f. *Fanny Bell*, by Murat, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs., 83lbs	1	1
James Jackson's b. f. *Levinteen*, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie, 3 yrs., 83lbs	2	2
John C. Beasley's b. h. ——, by Sir Archie, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs., 100lbs	3	dr.

Time: 1st heat, 4:14—2d heat, 4:10.

Thus ended the Fall meeting for 1836, which afforded much gratification to the company. The weather was disagreeable, and the track heavy. After the race for the two mile purse was ended, Fanny Bell was sold to Mr. R. Smith, of Murfreesborough, Tenn., for the small sum of 2000 dollars. She is a deep chesnut, of fine size, showing great power and symmetry. Success attend her.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) ASSOCIATION RACES.

Last week we gave a regular report of the three first day's races of the Oakland Association, at Louisville, and now supply the remaining two day's, all of which are furnished by our Special Travelling Correspondent. Mr. Tarleton, the Secretary of the Association, has forwarded his official report, which agrees perfectly with our Reporter's, save in a single instance—the third day—which we republish. The purses, dams of the horses, their color, age, and the weights carried, are omitted in the "official" report, and are supplied in our "*newspaper report.*" The "vulgar prejudice" runs in favor of the latter, the Turf Register to the contrary notwithstanding.

Oakland Fall Meeting, Louisville, Ky., 1836.

Third Day, September 22. Purse $200.—Four mile heats.

Geo. Tarleton's gr. c. *Gen. W. H. Harrison*, by Trumpator, dam Papillon, by Double-head, 3 yrs, 86 lbs	1	1
Col. Wm. Buford's b. h. *Daniel Webster*, by Bertrand, dam by Imp. Bluster, 5 yrs., 110 lbs	3	2
Peter B. Winston's b. f. *Robert Burns*, by Kosciusko, dam Betty Bluster, by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs., 100 lbs	2	3
Capt. Viley's b. f. *Lady Moffet*, by Bertrand, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 3 yrs., 83 lbs	4	dis.

Time, 4:18—4:35. [The placing and time above is given "officially]."

Fourth Day, Sept. 23. Purse $100.—Three mile heats

Robt. Barbridge's gr. m. *Sarah Miller*, by Cherokee, dam by Whipster, 5 yrs., 107 lbs	1	1
Jas. W. Fenwick's g. h. *Davy Crockett*, by Hephestion, dam by Mendoza, 5 yrs., 110 lbs	2	3
Alex. Churchill's b. m. *Donna Maria*, by Arab, dam by Old Hamiltonian, 4 yrs., 97 lbs	3	dis.
Thos. J. Robinson's b. h. *Jim Allen*, by Archie of Transport, dam by Hancock's Hamiltonian, 4 yrs., 100 lbs	5	2
Capt. Viley's b. c. *Keff*, by Hephestion, dam by Sumpter, 3 ys. 86 lbs	4	dis.

Time, 1st heat, 6:14—2d, 6:6.

This race caused great interest, and was well contested. Sarah was the favorite, and backed against the field. Keff had the track; at the word go, they got well off, Sarah running second, the rest in a string, Jim Allen bringing up the rear. In the last turn Sarah took the lead, which she kept during the first and second rounds without being put up in the least; in the third, Davy and Keff made a brush at her, but soon fell back; in the last quarter Davy made at her again, and locked, but he could not keep his position, and the mare won the heat with ease.

Second Heat.—Now came the tug of war; the mare was freely backed to take this heat, and the race. Davy found a few friends, and several went on Jim Allen's taking the heat. The bugle sounded to saddle, and on the word they came up. They are off—Davy taking the pole, which he relinquished to the mare—Jim came up, made a push for the pole, and Keff and Donna Maria also came into play. In going round the quarter at the back stretch they were all in a cluster; the mare now "let out," followed by Jim Allen; they ran side by side together and gained a distance from their competitors, but the mare ultimately gained the first place, and won the heat, though pressed very hard by Jim Allen—Davy third, Keff and Donna Maria distanced.

Fifth Day, Sept. 24. Purse $150.—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sidney Burbridge's ch. c. *Sportsman*, by Brunswick, dam by ——, 4 yrs., 100 lbs	1	1	1
Wm. Buford's b. f. *Herodis*, by Kosciusko, out of Peggy Stewart, by Whip, 4 yrs., 97 lbs	2	2	2

Time, 1:56—1:52—1:55.

EASTERN SHORE (Md.) JOCKEY CLUB.

The kindness of a friend enables us to lay before our readers a report of thes races to which we alluded last week. A report was furnished to the "Easton Gazette" by the Secretary *pro tem.*, the "classic orthography" of which we have taken the liberty to change in some respects.

First Day, Sept. 21, 1836. Purse $200.—Two mile heats.

Gen. Thos. Emory's f. *Lady Clifden*, by Sussex, out of Betsey Wilson, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	1	1
Ennalls Martin's c. *Duke of Oxford*, by John Richards, dam by Chance Medley, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	2	2

Time, 4:6—4:7. Odds 5 to 1 on the winner.

Immediately after the start in each heat, the filly took the lead, and maintained it throughout under a strong pull. The day was warm and seemed to oppress everything else in the field except the filly—and notwithstanding this track was eight feet over a mile, and heavy from recent ploughing, the time made proves that Lady Clifden is fast enough for the fleet and strong enough for the stoutest.

Second Day. Purse $300—Four mile heats, free for all ages.

Gen. Thos. Emory's b. h. *Irby*, by John Richards, out of Grecian Princess, by Virginian, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1	1
Ennalls Martin's h. *John Henry*, by Valentine, dam by Chance Medley	2	dis.

Time, 9—9. Won with ease.

The pace was very moderate, and the first heat won by Irby under a pull which irritated and seemed even to distress him. The second heat was also won by Irby with great ease in the same time. The rider of John Henry having lost one of his stirrups stopped his horse in the fourth mile.

Third Day. Purse $100.—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ennalls Martin's c. *Duke of Oxford*, by John Richards, dam by Chance Medley, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1	1	1
Mr. Horsey's f. *Polly Richards*, by John Richards, dam by ——.	2	2	dr.

Time, 2—1:58—walked over.

The contest was very spirited in the two first heats, after which Polly R. was withdrawn, and the Duke gallopped over in triumphant style, winning the race, and thus terminating the amusements of the week. All happily and satisfactorily ended.

CULPEPER C. H. (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

A friend writes that he supposed the Secretary of the Club had forwarded to us the report of the Culpeper races, until he saw our paper of the 1st inst., when he immediately drew up the one annexed, for which he has our thanks.

First Day, Sept 13, 1836.—Match for $100, one mile and repeat.

Gibson Mallory's ch. f. by Clifton, dam by ——, 4 yrs., 97lbs	1	1
James Willis's f. by Truffle, dam by ——, 3 yrs., 83lbs	2	dis

Time: 2:2—2:2. Won with ease.

Same Day.—Purse, $200. ent. $10. Two mile heats.

Thos. Doswell's b. g. *Bayard*, aged, 121lbs	1	1
Wm. L. White's ch. c. by Carolinian, 3 yrs, 86lbs	2	2
Mr. N. Luffborough's *Hannah Butler* entered for this purse, being amiss was	dr.	

Time: 4:9—4:10.

Second Day.—Purse, $300, ent. $15. Three mile heats.

Wm. L. White's gr. g. *Dandy*, by Medley, out of a Sir Charles mare, 5 yrs., 107lbs	2	3	1	1
Thos. Doswell's ch. f. *Kitty Minge*, by Gohanna, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs., 97lbs	3	1	2	2
J. C. Gibson's br. g. *Sybrant*, by Lafayette, 6 yrs., 115lbs	1	2	3	3

Time: 6.9—6:4—6:15—6.25. Track heavy.

This is said to have been a very exciting race. A heavy fall of rain "came off" during the recess between the 3d and 4th heats, and the track was miry. After the 3d heat, betting even between all three entries.

Same Day.—Sweepstake for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old, ent. 100 *bushels of oats*, h. ft., 4 subs.

James Newly's ch. f. by Walk-in-the-Water, 83lbs	1	1
J. C. Gibson's and John S. Green's b. c. by Restless, out of a Whip mare, 86lbs	2	2

Time: 2:4—2:5. Won easily.

Third Day.—Purse, $150, ent. $10. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wm. Purcell's ch. g. *Sambo*, by Champion, 4 yrs., 97lbs	1	1	1
Thos. Doswell's bl. h. *Moscow*, by Tariff, 6 yrs., 118lbs	2	2	2
James Newly's ch. h. *Walk-in-the-Water*, by Carolinian, aged, 124lbs	3	3	3
Wm. L. White's b. c. *Jacob*, by Carolinian, 3 yrs., 86lbs	4	4	4

Time: 2:9—2—2.4.

It is proper to remark that Jacob never run for a heat. Moscow, in the 3d heat, finding Walk-in-the-Water could not take it, made up a gap of sixty yards in the last qr. stretch, and lost the heat by only 18 inches.

Same Day.—Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft. One mile and repeat, 86 and 83lbs.

P. Slaughter and J. C. Gibson's b. c. by Snowstorm, dam by Lafayette	1	1
John L. Green's bl. f. *Coal-Black Rose*, by Restless, dam unknown	2	2
B. Hansborough's b. f. by Snowstorm, dam by Vampire, fell, threw her rider, and was	dis.	

Time: 2:6—2:8.

Fourth Day.—Purse, $100. One mile out.

J. C. Gibson's f. *Emily Duvall*, by Restless	1
Thos. Doswell's ch. c. by Sir Charles, 4 yrs., 100lbs	2
Wm. L. White's b. h. 4 yrs., 100lbs	3
David H. Waddell's b. m. by Valentine, 4 yrs., 97lb	4

Time, 1:54. A very close contest.

This report has been seen and approved by the Secretary of our Club, Dr. P. C. Slaughter. Respectfully, your obedient servant, ******.

RODOLPH AGAINST THE WORLD.

The "agony is over," the "hurley burley's done;" the race is ours, and "Old Kentuck" stands erect and unshaken in her stirrups. The brief but brilliant career of Angora is gone like the fleeting glory of a sunbeam; the sun of her fame has sunk in darkness, whilst that of her competitor is careering in the ascendant. We should not, we will not, exult too loudly over a fallen foe, although we have just cause for exultation. When State is arrayed against State, and the contest assumes a local character; when the Southerns have rushed upon us, as did the Assyrians of old upon Sennacharib, boasting and laughing us to scorn, and striving to overshadow us by oversizing our pile; when Tennessee, backed by her neighbors, the sunburnt sons of the South, has rained down the eel-skins as thick as autumnal leaves, trying to frighten us to death, I say, when all these things happen, and Old Kentuck alone and single handed, has *fanned out* all competition, I do think we have a right to triumph. It is natural to do so, and *ergo we exult*.

Perhaps no race in the Union ever excited greater or more intense interest.—Strangers from all quarters had congregated until the crowd of spectators amounted to about ten thousand. The maimed, the halt, and some say a few of the *blind*, were in attendance to witness this thrilling contest. For days previous Angora was the favorite, the main stay and cherished hope of the *knowing ones.* They looked upon her as the *lioness* destined to crush in embryo and silence forever the claims of Kentucky for speed, bottom, or stock, in horses. Two to one and even greater odds were bet with a recklessness, which testified that their confidence amounted almost to certainty—thus treating our modest but gallant champion with marked contempt. Some even went so far as to wager that Rodolph would be missing at the appointed time, and the forfeit surrendered.—Alas, vain boast! This infatuation only went to prove how far poor frail humanity can be deluded. It affected not Rodolph or his friend. He was resolved, and his friends convinced, that he would *come up to the trough* and *toe the trig.*—He did come, nor was his coming heralded by trumpet and clarion; but, like a well-bred gentleman, without parade or ostentation, he passed through our city, and, as a sensible Kentuckian, he took lodgings in a retired spot, afar from the din and tumult of the course, and there, reposing under the shade of his native oaks, he collected his great energies for the approaching crisis.

The day has arrived, the crowd collected, and the eventful hour is rapidly approaching. Pocket books are open, and lots of Bank bills fluttering in the breeze. Rodolph, that lordly steed, is on the track. Look at him as he walks down the *stretch*, curving his proud neck and disdaining the earth he treads. Already, methinks, he is chuckling internally at these rash adventurers, who have come to his own door sill to snatch away his empire. How are the bets *now!* "Even!" "Even!" is echoed and re-echoed by a thousand voices. Where are your two-to-one betters, the wealthy southrons, and especially the sharp eagle eyed *knowing ones?* What! Are you scared at the appearance of that noble animal?—Well may you be so—Old George Burbridge never heeled a *Dominico* yet; and the way you'll see sights will be curious. Look how he chews the bit and paws the earth, as if, for his mighty spirit, a kingdom were too small a compass.

"Clear the track, the riders are up," is now rung, like a peel of thunder throughout that vast agitated concourse. What a tremendous throbbing and palpitation is going on in the breast of many a luckless wight, who has staked the *needful* on the issue! Hark! the drum is tapped, and they are off!! "Angora a-head—go it Tennessee!" is now shouted in wild delight by the *knowing ones.* Where are you, Kentuck! "She is no where," says a big double-fisted fellow, who has but nine shillings on the race, (a Cincinnati wager). "Kentuck is where she always was and ever will be—behind Tennessee." "Never mind," cries a rough, honest-looking laborer, who has bet his month's wages on Rodolph, "you'll see what's what before long—if Tennessee beats Old Kentuck this heat, I'll bet two to one the mare's tail drops off at the Judges' stand. Look there, my darling; hurrah, my Rodolph—by Juno, he has *licked* her the second round, and, if he hasn't run clear from under the rider's cap, I wish I may be shot; and, by the memory of Daniel Boone, if the boy will slacken a bit, I'll bet Rodolph can run clear out of his own skin. Go it, ye cripples! Rodolph against the world, and fling in a Rail Road." And so indeed Rodolph had passed the boasted heroine of the South, *just like a knife*, after loping behind her, for gallantry's sake, a mile or two. The way he came round the fourth time *wasn't slow*, and the way Angora was distanced was nobody's business but her own, and that of the *knowing ones*. Who then can blame us for making the welkin ring! And indeed it did ring with a perfect *loudness*.

Thus terminated the great match-race between Tennessee and Old Kentucky in favor of the latter. Angora, the vanquished, was *led* off to her stable, and *Rodolph*, the victorious, attended by a band of music, *led off* the multitude of joyous friends to Oakland House, where he was greeted with a volley of loud ear-piercing plaudits. Thus have the predictions of Gen. Jackson been fully and the dreams of Mrs. Judd partially verified. Old Hickory, the greatest and best, looking through the vision of second sight, foretold the triumph of Rodolph. Many thought he was playing the courtier to our State, but now they are convinced he knows more about horse-racing than he ever did about the affairs of the nation; and as for Mrs. Judd, his rival in necromancy, she may burn her cards and drink her own coffee grounds, as she knows no more about things that will come to pass, than Old Hickory does about things that have passed.

John Bascomb, a word in your ear. You stand in the same attitude to Rodolph, that Clarence did to Gloucester. "Thou keep'st him from the light," and must be removed. Then take the advice of a friend. Quit the turf and domiciliate thyself; be content with thy present celebrity, and spend the residue of thy days in the luxuries of domestic life for, unless thou hast the "speed of thought," thou canst not contend with the Western Hero, who has proved incontestably, that he is "every inch" a horse. Hurrah, my Old Kentuck! Who is not proud to be thy son, when thou canst produce the greatest man in the world, and the fleetest nag!

ROCK.

Louisville (Ky.) Journal.

THE PERILS OF BROADWAY.

We have just received the following letter, and hasten to publish it for the benefit of our readers at Salt River:—

To the Editor of the Courier and Enquirer.

Sir,—I arrived in this city a few days ago from Salt River, and being determined to make the most of my time, the very next morning after dressing myself in my best, set out from my stopping place, the lower end of Broadway, intending to lounge up the street at leisure, and see every thing that was to be seen. Now, Mr. Editor, I have been at fifteen regular Ingen fights, I have hugged the breath out of a pretty smart chance of bears; whipt my weight in wild cats; been several times rowed up Salt River; and in short, I am a real whole team of a feller, that grinn'd the bark from a Persimon tree, though that exploit has been erroneously ascribed to the late lamented Davy Crockett; but all these were nothing compared to the fatigues and dangers of my progress up Broadway. I made a regular list of them as soon as I got to my stopping place, and request you will print it in your paper for the benefit of all my friends at Salt River.

Crossing the street at the little round grass plot they call the Bowling Green, I heard a sort of a rattling roaring noise behind me, and if I had not cocked my eye over the shoulder, should have been run over by a machine that looked like one of those things that they carry wild beasts about the Great West in. I made tracks across the street in such a hurry, that I came within an inch of pitching head foremost right down into a cellar they were digging so deep that I reckon they intended to go clear through and come out on the other side.

Taking warning upon this narrow escape, I thought I would keep a sharp eye towards my feet for fear I might fall into some bottomless pit or other. So I walked on with my eyes to the ground, and had gone, maybe, a couple of hundred yards, when I got a thundering knock on the shoulder, from a piece of blue stone, about six inches square, which seemed to fall from the sky, and was followed by a great shower of little pieces of the same color, mixed with a smart chance of dirt and dust that almost blinded me, so that I could hardly see, and trying to run out of the way, tripped over a plank that lay across the side walk, pitched head foremost into a heap of sand, turned what they call a somerset, heels over head, and planted myself right straight feet foremost in a bed of mortar.

The fellows about there grinned at me, and feeling a little wolfish about the ears, I offered to lick any two of them that dared toe the mark; but they were afeared I suppose of being rowed up Salt River, and sneaked away like so many coons. My dress did not look quite so smart after this, but a Salt River man don't mind such trifles, and I made tracks again, determined to keep a sharp eye upwards as well as downwards. I cut one peeper slantendicular downwards, the other slantendicular upwards, so as to keep clear of the bottomless pits and the showers of blue stones.

Well, on I went a little way, not minding so much what was before me as what was over my head and under my feet, when something came whack against me in front, and almost quite knocked me down as clear as a dead cat-fish. At the same time a feller called out to me to get out of the way. There were two of them carrying a thing something like what they use to tote about dead people in our churchyards. I gave the foremost a touch of the Salt River, and knocked him into a cocked hat pretty decently. The other squared himself and came on, but a crowd of people got round us, and I reckon the gentleman pretty narrowly escaped being rowed up Salt River.

A real whole team of a hunter can see at least three days at once, and so I thought I would look right straight a-head as well as up and down. I pushed on smartly till I got to the corner of Wall-street, as I think they call it, when I was stopped by a pretty smart chance of omnibusses, carts, little waggons, big waggons, and other wheel carriages, which blocked up the way all around as far as I could see. While I was waiting for an opening to squeeze through, and keeping a bright look out in front, overhead, and underfoot, I forgot the rear guard, and bump came something against me in that quarter, that knocked me upon a man right before me, who pitched against a fat woman, who weighing, as I calculate, about as much as a middle sized buffalo, stood her ground, and stopped further progress in pitching. I felt the fire fly out of my eyes, and turned round to see who the trifling feller was that run against me, being bent on making a gone sucker of him. But as soon as I clapt eyes on him, I could not help laughing all the anger out of my gizzard. He seemed to me about three sixteenths of a man of my size, half starved into yeller wrinkles; and yet for all this, was doing the duty of a horse, and pushing along a little cart loaded with peaches. I never saw such a team before, and felt so ticklesome, that instead of licking the feller, I bought a shilling's worth of his peaches.

After waiting almost as long as the Hoosier did for salt river to run by that he might pass over dry, I at last caught an opening about wide enough to see daylight through, and made a dart like a flash of lightning through a gooseberry bush to get through. I succeeded, with the damage of a great slit in my coat, which I got upon an old rusty nail sticking out of the corner of a dirt cart.

I had not gone far, when I saw a woman whose arms seemed twice as thick as her body, pass along on the other side of the street. I felt a little anxious to find out what could be the matter with her, and crossed over to take a nearer look. By the time I got into the middle of the street I was surrounded on all sides with perils and dangers. A thundering big omnibus was coming right down head foremost one way; on the other hand was a string of carriages about as long as all creation; before me was a procession of dirt carts, and my retreat was cut off in the rear by a confusion of vehicles all jammed together,—the drivers swearing, cursing, and pressing upon each other. There was but one way, and that was to play sturgeon; so I gave a whoop! and sprung clear over the head of an Irishman driving a dirt cart, who dodged his nose into the mud and exclaimed, "By J—s, what bird is that?"

On overtaking the lady I had thus risked my life to investigate, I found she had been joined by another whose arms were still larger, and between the two they filled up all the side-walk. Being soon tired of walking so slow, I watched an opportunity to slip by them, but in so doing hit against something in her sleeves so stiff and springy, that I was pitched one side into a mud gutter almost as big as Great Muddy River, and ten times more dirty. Getting up as quick as possible, I took refuge close under a grating projecting before a window in the second story, where I was wiping my clothes, when I wish I may be shot, if there didn't come a shower of melted lead smack down upon me, that burnt through my clothes and made pretty considerable marks on my skin. I looked up and saw a feller with a ladle just taking another dip, which made my very toes shiver. An omnibus was just passing down my way, so I sprung in, and was at last landed safely at my lodging house in a considerable pickle.

I am too tired to make any remarks on clothes, being not much used to writing, and will only say, a man that walks Broadway should have as many eyes as a peacock carries in his tail, and never shut up but one at a time. For my part I had rather be rowed up Salt River any day than walk from the Battery to Astor's Hotel.

Yours, Mr. Editor,

JEHU SLAPDASH.

Horrible Adventure.—At the period when Murat was about to invade Sicily, the Chevalier R——, Paymaster-General of the Neapolitan forces was travelling through Calabria, for the purpose of joining the army, having been to Naples to make arrangements for the transmission of a quantity of specie. He had sent on his servant before him to prepare his quarters at the town of———, expecting to arrive there himself by nightfall; but the day being very sultry, he had loitered on the road, and, at nine o'clock in the evening, found that he was still at a considerable distance from the proposed end of his journey. He was so much harassed and fatigued, that he determined to put up for the night at the first convenient house. He at length entered an old romantic building on the road-side, inhabited by a man and his wife, the former a stout muscular figure, with a swarthy countenance, almost wholly shrouded in a mass of bushy whiskers and mustachios. The traveller was received with civility; and, after partaking of a hearty supper, was conducted upon a crazy old old staircase to his apartment for the night. Not much fancying the appearance of the place, and finding no lock on the door, he fixed a chair against it; and, after priming his pistols, put them carefully under his pillow. He had not been long in bed when he heard a noise below, as of persons entering the house; and some time afterwards was alarmed by the sound of a man's footsteps on the staircase. He then perceived a light through the crevices of the door, against which the man gently pressed for admittance, but, finding some resistance, he thrust it open sufficiently to admit his hand, and with extreme caution removed the chair and entered the apartment.

The Chevalier then saw his host, with a lamp in one hand and a huge knife in the other, approaching the bed on tiptoe. The Chevalier cocked his pistols beneath the bed clothes, that the noise of the spring might not be heard. When the man reached the side of the bed, he held the light to the Chevalier's face, who pretended to be in a profound sleep, but continued to steal an occasional glance at his fearful host. The man soon turned from him, and after hanging the lamp on the bedpost, went to the other end of the room and brought to the bedside a chair, on which he immediately mounted, with the tremendous knife still in his hand. At the very moment that the Chevalier was about to start up from the bed to shoot him, the man in a hurried manner cut several enormous slices from a piece of bacon that was hanging over his bedstead, though it had been wholly unnoticed before by the agitated traveller. The host then passed the light before his eyes again, and left the room in the same cautious way in which he had entered it, and, unconscious of the danger he had escaped, returned to a crowd of new and hungry guests below stairs, who were, of course, not very sorry to perceive he had saved his bacon.

Lord Melbourne and Mrs. Norton.—Mrs. Norton has left her brother's seat, Frampton, in Dorsetshire. He married the only daughter of the late Sir Colquhoun Grant, who was reconciled to the match a short time before his death, and left to Mr. Sheridan and his wife the bulk of his fortune—amounting to some thousands annually, with the seat in Dorset. The late deplorable event, we regret to learn, has preyed deeply on the mind and health of the unfortunate lady. The expose and details of the trial were kept from her, we understand, as much as possible; but the whole could not be concealed, and violent hysteric fits succeeded, during which she called wildly upon her husband and her children. To the former she is said to have written both before and subsequent to the trial, declaring, in the most solemn manner, the falsehood of the charges made against her—alluding, with touching tenderness, to their early love and subsequent affection, and avowing her unabated attachment and fidelity to him to the last hour when she left his roof! She reproaches herself, it is added, and acknowledges her error, however late, for suffering the continued visits that provoked so much calumny—but implores him by his regard for his own honor—his love for their children—and in mercy and feeling to herself, to disabuse his mind of the foul impressions, created by interested menials; and if he will not see her, at least to write, and give some distant hope of fondness and reconcilement. A letter from her to the noble defendant is also mentioned, in which she reproaches him, it is said most bitterly, for his protracted visits, and their melancholy disastrous results!—She paints the misery and ruin entailed upon her, while he had passed the ordeal unscathed! Separated from her husband—bereft of her children—blasted before the world—and dependent even for a home and shelter, upon the affection of her brother—she contrasts his years and experience with her youth, and asks what atonement he can make her? This letter, written in a paroxysm of despair, is said to be full of mourning recollections of lost domestic happiness and peace, with the fondest affection for her husband and children.—What his answer has been, we do not know; but there is no human heart such an appeal must not penetrate.

A Bridal Present to a Poet's Daughter.—Carelessly opening Chorley's "Memorials of Mrs. Hemans," this morning, our eye accidentally rested upon the following passage:—"Imagine," says Mrs. Hemans, in a letter to a friend, "a bridal present made by Mr. Wordsworth, to a young lady in whom he is much interested—a poet's daughter, too! You will be thinking of a broach in the shape of a lyre, or a butterfly-shaded egrette, or a forget-me-not ring, or some such 'small gear'—nothing of the sort, but a good, handsome, substantial, useful-looking pair of scales, to hang up in her store-room! 'For you must be aware, my dear Miss Hemans,' said he to me very gravely, 'how necessary it is occasionally for every lady to see things weighed herself.' '*Poveretta me!*' I looked as *good as I could*, and, happily for me, the poetic eyes are not very clear-sighted, so that I believe no suspicion derogatory to my notability of character, has yet flashed upon the mighty master's mind: indeed I told him that I looked upon scales as particularly graceful things, and had great thoughts of having my picture taken with a pair in my hand." Boston Transcript.

A Fishing Frolic.—A party of gentlemen started from Boston, a few days ago, on a fishing excursion. They had fine sport, and after the fatigues of fishing were over, they made preparations for a chowder dinner. By the time the fish were half cooked, a heavy squall came on. The boat was capsized, the fish thrown back in their native element—somewhat sacrificed—and the fishermen swam ashore to an uninhabited island, where they passed the night, in wet jackets, and with empty stomachs.

FINE ARTS.

THE public are respectfully informed that the celebrated picture of *La Belle Nature*, painted by Boudet, of Paris, which has received so much editorial praise in all the principal newspapers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., and another splendid late production from the same pencil, denominated *Daphne de L'Olympe*, are now exhibited at No. 37 Courtlandt street. o8

DISSOLUTION.

THE firm of SACKETT & BRANCH, Printers, was dissolved on the 1st inst. All persons having demands against the firm will present them to the subscriber,
New York, Oct. 6, 1836. ISWEL SACKETT.

SAM JONES, FISHERMAN, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Fish, such as Porgyes, Moss Bankers, Lamper Eels, Sheep Heads, Crabs, Clams, Lobsters, Tom Cods, Killeys, Porpoises, Whales, Grampusses, Albany Beef, Flying Squirrels, Pollygrews, Land Crabs, Sea Horses, Rhinoceroses, Aligators, Shrimps, Bull Heads, Toads, Mackerel, Snapping Turtles, Sharks, Swellers, Toad Fish, Shad, Oysters, Carolina Potatoes, Sea Bass, Flounders, Lunar Bats and Dock Rats, with various other Water Fowls too numerous to mention!!!

N.B. A large quantity of Sea Serpents, just from Cape Cod, to be disposed of, will be sent to any part of the city free of expense!!!!

Enquire of A. W. V. & Co., Jackson Ferry, East River.
Ward's Island, Aug. 27, 1836. a 27.

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—Spurzheim.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

CLEOPATRA.

JUST returned from the South—Mr. Le Bert has the honor to inform the patrons of the Fine Arts, that the celebrated Statue of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, has arrived in this city, and is now exhibited at 175 Broadway.

Hours of exhibition from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.

This splendid piece of sculpture is an original modern production of unsurpassed merit in all its parts. In beauty of proportion, contour, anatomical accuracy, expression, attitude, and high finish, it is a work which stands unrivalled in the wide catalogue of modern productions. s 24.

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

SKINNER'S ENGLISH STUD BOOK.

THE Subscriber having sold to Mr. Gideon B. Smith, all his interest in Skinner's edition of the English and American Stud Book, all persons indebted for the said book will please pay the same to Mr. Smith, and all persons having any of said books in their possession for sale, will account for the same to him. Those persons who have paid for the book and not received it, will please apply for it to Mr. Smith, or give him directions how to send it to them. J. S. SKINNER.

Baltimore, July 25, 1836.

N.B. Having no further interest in the work, I can the more readily recommend it to all owners of thoroughbred horses. It contains the whole of the English Stud Book in three volumes, which it costs $25 to import, with the pedigrees of the most distinguished stallions and mares, to which may be traced the present stock of American horses. J. S. S.

The subscriber is desirous of closing the sales of Skinner's edition of the English Stud Book as soon as possible; he therefore requests all persons that want it to apply immediately by letter or otherwise. Copies are deposited at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Augusta, Geo., Louisville Ken., Fayetville, Tenn., and at the Messrs. Carvills, at New York, so that any person in any of those sections of the country, can apply to me for a copy and I will give them an order for it. They are also for sale at the office of the Turf Register in Baltimore. When they are sent by mail the postage is $4,03. The money ($10 a copy should in all cases accompany the order.

The edition is very limited and not likely ever to be re-printed.
a 6. GIDEON B. SMITH, Turf Reg. office, Balt.

NEW SERIES FOR 1836.

The New York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

Of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range, and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the Sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a Register of the Turf. The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses, and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do dot hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washingten and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us."

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a Complete Sporting Paper, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
MPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES,
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c., &c.,

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books*, *Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of [illegible] our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously sustained by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving Dramatic Miniature Portraits—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,
William E. Burton.
Eliza Sharpe.
John R. Scott,
Celeste Kepler,
John Fisher.
Eliza Riddle,
Joseph Wood, }
Mary Wood. }
Henry James Finn.
Mary Duff,
John Mason,
Frances Mary Pritchard,
John Sefton,
Louisa A. Phillips,
Henry James Hackett,
Fanny A. Drake,
Joseph M. Field,
Henry Placide,
Mary Vos,
James W. Wallack,
Elizabeth Chapman,
Charles Booth Parsons,
William F. Gates,
Emma Wheatley,
George Barrett,
Junius Brutus Booth,
Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
George H. Hill,
Tyrone Power,
Charlotte Watson,
Augustus A. Adams,
Josephine Clifton,
Charles Kean,
John Barnes,
J. W. S. Hows

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence of learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities: in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting* as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The New Series of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance).	$5 00
For Six Months.	2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines.	$3 00
Each subsequent insertion.	0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post-paid, may be addressed to

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors.

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836.

CUSTOM HOUSE HOTEL.

BY JAMES HORN, Jr., corner of Nassau and Pine streets, New York.

List of Wines, &c.

Madeira.		*Champagne.*	
Howard, March, & Co. per bottle	$2 00	Chateau d'Ay, quarts	$2 00
Blackburn & Co. quarts	2 00	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 00	Heidsick, quarts	2 00
Old Cabbot, quarts	2 50	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 25	Oil de Petrix	2 00
No. 1 Brahmin, (1826), per bottle	3 00	Comet	2 00
Wanderer do.	4 00	Cross Bow, quarts	2 00
Sherry.		Do. pints	00
Pale, on draft, quarts	1 50	Anchor, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	75	Do. pints	1 00
Duff, Gordon & Co. quarts	2 00	Bacchus, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	1 00	Do. pints	1 00
Lobo's celebrated Pale, quarts	2 50	*Cordials.*	
Do. pints	1 50	Anisette	2 00
Brown Sherry, (Smith, Bailey & Co.)	2 00	Curaso	2 00
Port.		Marischeno	2 50
Smith, Woodhouse & Co. quarts	2 00	*Claret Wine.*	
Do. pints	1 00	Chateau Margaux, (1825) Lynch's	3 00
Lingham	2 50	Larose do. do.	2 50
Old, (bottled in Oporto) quarts	3 00	Palmer do. do.	2 00
Do. pints	1 50	St. Julien, (1834,)	1 00
Rhenish Wine.		Medoc	1 00
Moselle	2 00	Braun Mouton	1 00
Marcobronner	2 00	*Porter & Ale.*	
Hockheimer	2 00	Burton Ale, quarts	50
Johannesberger	3 00	Do. pints	25
Burgundy.		London Brown Stout, quarts	50
Chambertin	00	Do. pints	25
Pomard	2 00	Philadelphia Porter, quarts	25
Clos de Vogout	00	Do pints	12

Together with a great variety of other Wines, which may be had by the bottle or otherwise.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations, Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
jy 23. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,	J. P. Dean.		

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owners of such goods, freight, baggage &c.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.
Killinworth, Con. June, 1836. june 25

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them-it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. Hewitt & Co.'s Music Store, and at Atwill's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.
New-York. June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases. W. F. CALDWELL.
Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease. CYRUS W. PRATT.
Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.
Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, New-York.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works —

Hallocks Poems, Drakes do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols. Crown, 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady.
a 6-6t. GEO. DEARBORN

D. L. P. WAILEY, SIGN PAINTER.

AT A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No. 7 1-2 Bowery. N.B. Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner. a6.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga.	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Lafayette Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec. On the 1st day will come off a
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside, *Hickory John*, vs. *Miss Medley*.
Alexandria, La.	Rapides Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Dec.*
" "	Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside, h. ft. *Corsair* vs. *Wings*, 12th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $500 aside, h. ft. *Rhubarb* vs. *Taglioni*, 12th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile hts. $10,000 aside, $5,500 bye; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Dec. 15.
" "	Match, 3 m. h., $5,000 aside, $2,000 bye; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Dec. 16.
Baltimore, Md.	Jockey Club, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match. $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
Camden, N. J.	Near Philadelphia Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Oct.
Camden, S. C.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
Columbus, Ga.	Jockey Club, Western Course, Ann. Fall meeting, 4th Monday, Oct. 24.
Coshocton, Ohio,	Annual Fall meeting, Lewisville Course, 3d Thursday, 20th Oct.
Columbus, Miss.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st day of Nov.
Elkton, Md.	Annual Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
Frankfort, Ky.	Franklin Association, Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 2d Nov.
Franklin, La.	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
Florence, Ala.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 4th Monday, 24th Oct.
Fairfield, Va.	Near Richmond, Jockey Club, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match, 1st day, $5000 aside, 4 m. hts, *Admiral* vs. *Margaret Armistead*.
" "	Match, 2d day, $1000 aside, 2 m. hts. Ch. c. vs. B. f., both by Sir Charles.
Gallatin, Ala.	Lowndes Co. Annual Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday in Nov.
Greensburg, Ky.	Annual Fall meeting, 3d Thursday, 20th Oct.
Huntsville, Ala.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
Hanover C. H., Va.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Nov.
Jackson, Tenn.	District Central Club, Madison Co., First Meeting in Oct.
Kendall Course, Md.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 4th Monday, 24th Oct.
Louisville, Ky.	Oakland Course, 2d Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th Oct.
Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
Memphis, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, Tuesday, 1st Nov.
Mobile, Ala.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th Nov.
Montgomery, Ala.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Nov.
Moorefield, Va.	Annual Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Thursday, 27th Oct.
New York City	Jockey Club, Union Course, Second Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Nov.
Natchez, Miss.	Annual Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st or 2d Wednesday in March.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $6,000 aside; *Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Feb. 27.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, Mile hts. $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. b. c. by Longwaist; Feb.
" "	Match, Mile hts, $2000 a side; f. br. to Naked Truth, vs. f. by Muley; Feb.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $3 000 aside, h. ft., *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*. Jan. 29, 1837.
Nashville, Tenn.	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Newberry, S. C.	Jockey Club, 4th Tuesday, 22d Nov., near Court House.
Oxford, N. C.	Annual Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th Oct.
Orangeburg, S. C.	St. Mathew's Parish, Richardson Course, Fall meeting, 4th Wed. Nov. 23.
Opelousas, La.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 10th Nov.
Plaquemine, La.	Match, 2 m. h., $2,000 a-side, *Go-it-Jerry* vs. *Plato*, 1st Dec.
Princeton, Ky.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 3d Thursday, 20th Oct.
Pineville, S. C.	St. Stephen's Parish, Charleston Dist. 3d Monday, 24th Oct.
Russellville, Ky.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 1st day of Nov.
Tarboro', N. C.	Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, Second Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday 8th Nov.
White S. Springs, Ky.	Union County, Jockey Club, Fall meeting, last Thursday, 27th Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

LONG ISLAND RACES LAST WEEK.

Jamaica, N. Y., *Saturday Night*, Oct. 8, 1836.

Mr. W. T. Porter, *Editor of the Spirit of the Times*: Sir—On reading your editorial description of the New York Races, published this day, I feel it a duty I owe myself, to repel the unmerited insinuations there set forth against the owners of the Union Course. Had you called on me—as I think you should have done before inserting those charges in a public journal—to ascertain how far the Proprietors were accessary to the public disappointment in not running Post Boy, the *proof* could have been furnished you so full and ample of the following facts, as to have saved you the labor of penning an article against gentlemen you say "you so highly respect."

Since I purchased the Union Course, of near *One hundred* Races advertised to take place, there have been *three* instances when those visiting the Course have had cause of disappointment—that is—the Race as noted in the morning papers, did not come off. The first of the Three was the entry of Post Boy, the Four Mile Day, First Spring Meeting, 1836. The second, the Match, the last Meeting between Coronet and Fanti, and the third, the entry of Post Boy on yesterday. Mr. Tillotson, being a member of the Club, none will dispute his right to enter his horse for a Club Purse, and *you*, knowing the high character of Mr. Tillotson as a gentleman, and man of honor, might well take it for granted, without putting me to the necessity of proving, that any entry made by him would of itself be sufficient evidence that it was fair and true, and not done with a view to attract a crowd, or any false intent. Could the Proprietors have condescended to the degradation of asking it, Mr. Tillotson would have spurned the base proffer. I assert the entry of Post Boy made the First Spring Meeting, 1836, was a real *bona fide* one, and in no form procured on my part, *and entered, as I believed, to start*. The first intimation I had that the horse would not start was from Mr. Tillotson himself, about eleven o'clock the day of the race. He stated to me "his horse was plated and prepared, but that he was most delicately situated—that he had expected that morning from Washington a gentleman who was the half owner of Post Boy, and who had made a match for the Second Meeting, the North against the South for $5000—that his reliance was this horse—that it was for his friend he feared, and not himself, and he had doubts if under these circumstances he should start him." I urged him to run him as he had been entered, stating as a reason, that ill-natured and evil disposed persons, (alas, how prophetic!) would visit on the proprietors of the Course the blame of his not starting. He replied he "felt it all, and did not know how to act, and still was in hopes the gentleman would arrive." I then stated if he had any *doubt* about running, he owed it to the public instantly to state those doubts—to which Mr. T. promptly and readily assented. I penned the statement without a moment's delay; Mr. Tillotson signed it, and I despatched the same by express, and it was circulated as extensively as the limited time permitted. It was eventually determined by his owner not to run Post Boy. Such are the facts, and I pledge myself, *the whole facts*, to the best of my knowledge and belief, of that "*Farce*," as you are pleased to term it, when commenting on the course of the Proprietors in your paper of to-day.

The next failure of a Race advertised to be run, was the Match between Coronet and Fanti on last Tuesday. A day before this race was to take place I was informed that bets were making on this match, *play or pay*, and it was believed there would be a forfeit; I directly called on Mr. Tillotson, and told him I did not ask the information for any purpose or gratification of my own, but wished for the sake of the public, that if he determined to forfeit, he would let me know it, that I might so notify it—that I had said the same to Mr. Stevens. Both gentlemen approved the course, and Mr. Tillotson said *on Monday night* I should know his determination. On Monday night, about 8 o'clock, Mr. Tillotson informed me that, reserving all his privileges of running, he would say frankly he did not then contemplate it—that he had not liked the trial of his colt, and this information was given at my request for the public. The fact was immediately made known, and expresses sent to the city the next morning. In this matter I certainly went beyond the pale of strict duty to my own injury—for the consequence of a forfeit in a Match every person must take who visits a Race Course. It certainly is beyond the knowledge or help of a Proprietor. In this case the information was generously given, and was the only one that sufficient time was allowed to give it *full* publicity.

The Third and last disappointment, was the entry of Post Boy for the Race yesterday, against Mingo. I can hardly be suspected of conniving at this entry, for, but for Post Boy's running, there were several horses on the ground that would have started for the Four Mile Purse. It could not have been to my interest to pay Mingo $1000 to walk from Drew's stable to the Race Course and back again, causing me mortification as well as those present. When Post Boy was entered I had not a doubt of his running. The next question is, when did I know he was not to start? I state the fact as it occurred. My residence is at Jamaica, four miles from the Course, and I had ordered my carriage between 9 and 10 o'clock, as a messenger arrived to say that Post Boy was lame and could not start, and wishing to know what was to be done? It was the first intimation I received, and I was much surprised, and instantly wrote—"dispatch the information in every direction—have notices posted at the *entrances* to the Race Field, particularly on the Rail Road, and at the Taverns, so that every person who goes on the Course may know that *only* the Two Mile Race will be run." In these directions I forgot to mention the Ticket Office inside the field, *which struck you so forcibly*, and had that put up after getting to the field, before any person was in the stand. The 50 cents was in my power to save them—the ride I could not restore. That Post Boy was known to the Proprietors as "being seriously amiss, and would not start," as you state, I positively deny as regards myself other than I have stated; and as I believe Mr. Branch went to the City on Thursday night he must have been alike ignorant sooner.

The cracks in the horse's feet were talked of, and whether it would affect his running canvassed: I never heard but *one* individual say that he did not believe Post Boy would be *entered*, and if he was not, he should *enter his horse*. On *Thursday, the day of entering* for the Race, I heard the owner of Post Boy offer $1000 to $750 publicly, he beat Mingo. He could not then have been very much complaining. The fact is that it was generally supposed that during the night of Thursday the horse had taken a violent cold which had settled on his limbs, and such was his injured state on Friday that he could not be led to the Course, which was the wish of his owner. It cannot be denied that had Mr. Branch or myself slept on Thursday night at the Course, (which I never do), earlier and more efficient notice might have been given, but that was entirely accidental, and done with no view to deceive the public, and the attempt to give it such countenance is ungenerous. I never had such a wish or design, and the only regret I felt was, at not seeing an empty field on account of the disappointment—I would cheerfully have sustained the loss. Your statement that two horses in the Two Mile Race were merely entered to *make sport*, is not true. Those beaten horses were entered precisely as Mingo—Gypsey and Azalia, the winning ones, were. Where you procured your information I know not.

I have here stated every circumstance direct and indirect, within my knowledge, appertaining to these matters, that have called forth your rebuke, to use your own language, in "so strong terms." No eye but my own has seen this communication, hence there can have been no comparing of statements. To all feeling an interest I invite investigation, and defy contradiction to the whole statement, or any part.

Mr. Branch left for the South to-day, and I have had no correspondence with him in regard to your comments, but believe that as far as the facts are here set forth, I might annex his name as Proprietor—certain it is I can affix my own with a safe conscience. As you say, "you have done the State some service," (meaning thereby the Union Course,) will you do it a little more by inserting this communication in your next paper, either to be paid for or otherwise, as seems to you just and proper—being ignorant of the custom on such occasions, having had little to do with newspapers, and truly wish *this* could have been dispensed with.

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS.

Mr. Botts has seized the opportunity afforded by our article of last week, to defend himself from the reproaches which have again and again been heaped upon the Proprietors of the Union Course, for causing public disappointment. We are very happy to render him the service to publish the letter.

There are various remarks in the letter which afford material for comment on our part: especially those referring to Mr. Tillotson, with whom we have really nothing to do in this matter. But, we will only assure Mr. Botts, that the display of "surprise and pain" on *his* part, at the cavils of "ill natured and evil disposed" persons, will at least *surprise* others. And is it really necessary to qualify with the epithets of "ill natured and evil disposed," those who felt and expressed their disappointments on Friday of last week? Had they no ground for complaint on Mr. Botts' own showing? Was it impossible to have had a notice, that Post Boy would not start, put up at the ferries before 12 o'clock, if Mr. Botts knew that fact between 9 and 10? And when a precisely similar disappointment had occurred with precisely the same horse was there no ground for inferring that it was "a repetition of the farce?"

We place the utmost reliance upon the good faith of Mr. Botts, and believe him when he says that he would cheerfully have sustained the loss of having the stand empty, but yet does not Mr. Botts perceive that the public had still cause for complaint? Was the murmuring so unnatural and causeless as to be "ill natured?" Suppose, Mr. B., that you resided in town, and under the impression that two distinguished horses would start for the four mile day, you were disposed to back your favorite. Let us further suppose that both horses were duly entered the evening previous, "with no view to attract a crowd or any false intent." You back your opinion of one horse freely, p.p.—possibly give large odds. You find by all the papers of the day, that the entries are all "all right." You leave urgent business—hurry to the ferry—get there at 12 o'clock, and find no intimation that both horses will not "go for the money," and now having "made assurance doubly sure," you become still more "sweet" upon your horse. After jolting ten miles down to the course, you walk up to the stand to get your ticket, and find pinned up at the office a notice after this wise:

"☞ *No 4 mile race to-day! —— is drawn!*"

By this time, having lost your money, your time and trouble, and perchance, your temper, at being sent a dozen miles or so on a fool's errand, you might entertain some feeling of charity toward those whom you stigmatize as "ill natured and evil disposed persons," and you might, perhaps, be such "an unconscionable dog" as to ask why, if Mr. ——'s horse was in condition, he did not start, after being duly entered the night previous, with "no false intent," etc., or if he was withdrawn "for cause" on the morning of the race, why the Proprietors of the Course did not notify the public of the fact, by putting up notices at the ferries, thereby saving you your time and trouble, and expense, instead of virtually saying to these "ill natured persons," "Gentlemen, you need not pay your half dollars—there is no race to-day worth seeing. But since you *are* here, you might as well pay your money and stay. If you don't like that, why, you can go home the same way you came." "Alas! how prophetic!"

We must say that there appears to us no ill nature or ill disposition whatever in such complaints. We are sure they were very generally made, and that we but echoed the public sentiment when we honestly expressed our own feelings on the subject.

But as Mr. Botts has now cleared himself from any suspicion of mercenary design in the matter, we will give him all credit for his generosity, but must at the same time take occasion to say, that he is most unfortunate in putting up notices, and despatching information. We will even suggest that when a similar contingency again occurs, that instead of "despatching information in *every* direction," Mr. Botts should despatch it but in *one*,—the direction of Brooklyn, and let his messenger but write upon the ferry houses, in large letters of charcoal or chalk, "Post Boy wont Start," and the "ill natured and evil disposed" will hush their murmurs, or at least find no vent for them in our columns.

We forbear touching upon various points presented by Mr. Botts' letter, lest we write ourselves into a controversy, which we would fain hope would be agreeable to neither party upon cooler reflection.

A TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, by a gentleman at Murfreesboro', Tenn., about August, 1837, a person capable of taking the management and training of a stable of horses, to whom a liberal salary will be given, with every encouragement. Apply to JOHN HOLMES.
o15. Murfreesboro', Tenn.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES

WILL come off over the new course at Camden, N. J on Tuesday the 25th day of October.

First Day.—Proprietor's Purse, $300, two mile heats.
Second " " " 500, three "
Third " " " 1000, four "

Sweepstakes will be made up, and due notice given in the bills of the day.
Camden, N. J. Oct. 7, 1836. THE PROPRIETORS.

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. Boardman enters get of Imp. CONSOL.
Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2
James Jackson & Co. enter the get of Imp. LEVIATHAN, on the terms proposed.
Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 10, 1836. Sept. 10.

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

SHORTLY will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunen, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

BOAT RACES.

THE undersigned, desirous of introducing in the City of Savannah, the interesting and beautiful amusement of Boat Racing, and being the proprietors of several Canoe Boats, built in the county of Camden, Ga., hereby respectfully invite the citizens of the State of South Carolina to meet them at Savannah, between the 25th day of December and 25th day of January next, for the purpose of testing the speed of their boats, on the following terms:

1st. They propose to run their four oared Canoe Boat "Lizzard," one straight mile in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any four oared Canoe Boat in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

2d. They propose to run their Canoe Boat, "The Goddess of Liberty," of six oars, one straight mile, in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any six oared Canoe Boat, built in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

Any gentleman desirous of accepting this invitation, will signify the same, by letter, to be addressed to both of the undersigned, within ninety days from this date.

The necessary arrangements for the races can be made after the invitation is accepted, by correspondence with the undersigned.

CHARLES R. FLOYD, Jeffersonton, Camden County, Ga.
HENRY DUBIGNON, Brunswick, Glynn County, Ga.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatnam-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

Sweepstakes for 1837--Union Course, L. I.

SWEEPSTAKES open over the Union Course, L. I, to name and close the 1st day of January next.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, mile heats, 2d Spring meeting, 1837, over the Union Course, with colts and fillies then three years old. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. Four or more to make a race; to name and close 1st of Jan. next.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton,
2. John C. Stevens,
3. Robert Tillotson,
4. Robert L. Stevens.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, 2d Spring meeting, 1837, two mile heats, with colts and fillies then 4 years old; entrance $1000, forfeit $250. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Jan. next.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton names
2. John C. Stevens names

New York, September, 1836. [o11]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE "Mobile Jockey Club Fall Races" will commence on Wednesday, the 16th day of November, and continue four days.

1st day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, four mile heats.
2d day—Citizens' " 700, three "
3d day—Jockey Club " 500, two "
4th day— " " " 300, one " best three in five.

The above purses will be hung at the stand each day, without discount, free for any horse, mare or gelding in the United States. The rules of the Central Course, Baltimore, to govern.

OFFICERS OF THE MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB.

Col. GEORGE WALTON, President.
Maj. JOHN MAYRANT, 1st Vice President.
Dr. JAMES F. ROBERTS 2d Vice President.
Gen. JOHN F. EVERITT, Corresponding Secretary
THOMAS BATES, Recording Secretary.

Mobile, Ala., Aug. 27, 1836. s17.

MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB RACES!

Over the Central Course, Baltimore, Md.

FALL MEETING, 1836, will commence as usual on the 3d Tuesday in October, (the 18th of the month), and continue four days.

First Day.—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, two mile heats, entrance $1000, forfeit $250; four subscribers, and closed, viz.:

1. John Heth names full sister to Trifle.
2. J. M. Selden names ch c by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
3. R. F. Stockton names b c by Star, (formerly Richard of York.)
4. General Thomas Emory names ch f Lady Cliden, by Sussex.

Second Day.—For the Craig Plate, value $500, two mile heats; the winner to take the plate or $500 at his option; entrance money depending on the number of subscribers; entries to be made the evening previous.

Third Day.—Proprietor's Purse, $500, three mile heats; entrance $20.

Fourth Day.—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, four mile heats, entrance $50.

Same day, a Produce Stakes for three year old colts and fillies, two mile heats; entrance $500, half forfeit; 21 subscribers and closed, viz.:

1. William Coleman, produce of Maria and Sir Charles, half brother to Charles Kemble.
3. O. Jacobs, produce of Sally Smith and Medley.
3. Wm. Wynn, produce of Isabella and Sir Charles.
4. John C. Craig, produce of Cocuette and Medley.
5. Thomas. B. Coleman, produce of Mary Robinson and Medley.
6. William H. Minge, produce of Eliza Adams and Timoleon.
7. John C. Stevens, produce of Janet and Henry.
8. Ham. Wilkes, produce of Henry and Betsy Richards.
9. Robert L. Stevens, produce of Meg Dods and Henry.
10. William R. Johnson, produce of Polly Hopkins and Sir Charles.
11. Henry A. Tayloe, produce of Lucy Gwynn and Timoleon.
12. R. F. Stockton, produce of Charlotte Pace and Medley.
13. C. S. W. Dorsey, produce of Tuckahoe mare and Sussex.
14. James J. Harrison, produce of Maid of Lodi and Eclipse.
15. R. Gilmor, Jr., produce of Sally Walker and Sir Charles.
16. William H Tayloe, produce of Miss Chance and Star.
17. J. S. Garrison, produce of Atalanta and Gohanna.
18. J. S. Garrison, produce of Eliza White and Eclipse.
19. D. H. Branch, produce of Herr Cline's dam and Sir Charles.
20. John M. Botts, produce of Mischief and Gohanna.
21. Bolling E Graves, produce of Hephestion mare and Sir Charles.

o1-2t. JAMES M. SELDEN, Proprietor.

NEW YORK RACES, SECOND FALL MEETING, 1836.

FOR the Second Meeting, Fall, 1836, the following Sweepstakes have been made:—Sweepstakes, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. B. B. Seaman names Dusty-foot, by Barefoot, out of Agnes.
2. R F. Stockton " his colt Bergen.
3. Also " his colt Cumberland.
4. J. H. Vanmater " ch. c. African, by Valentine, dam by Marshal Bertrand.

Sweepstakes (for colts and fillies that never won a race—if five start, the second in the race to receive back stakes,) two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. L. Stevens names s. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.
2. Robt. Tillotson " ch. c. Coronet, by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.
3. I. S. Snedecor " Wilson's filly, by Henry, out of Di Vernon (Cadmus' dam).
4. J. Bathgate " c. by Henry, dam Sheley, a Bussorah mare.
5. Alex. L. Botts " ch. f. by Sir Charles, out of Purity, (by Archy, out of Trifle's grandam.)
6. John C. Stevens " s. c. Sirocco, by Henry, out of Lady Jackson.
7. Also " ch. f. Fanti, by Henry, out of Janette.
8. Thos. Pearsall " c. by Talma, out of Dove.
9. Wm. Jones " ch. f. Fleet-foot, by Barefoot, out of Eleanor.
10. Jos. H. Vanmater " bl. f. Bonny Black, by Valentine. dam by Ratler.
11. Jas. S. Garrison " b. c. Stockton, by Eclipse, out of Iris, by Archy.

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS.
New York, Sept. 10, 1836. DAVID H. BRANCH.

KENDALL COURSE RACES.

FALL MEETING, 1836.—The Races over this Course will take place on Monday, Oct. 24. it being the 4th Monday, and continue six days.

The first will commence with a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, two mile heats, $300 entrance, $100 forfeit; to which there are three subscribers, and closed, to wit:

1. Col. John Heath names b. f. Miss Carmichael, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred.
2. Jas. S. Garrison names c f Virginia Fairfield, by Timolian, dam by Virginian.
3. Jas. B. Kendall names b c by Henry, dam by Eclipse.

Second Race, same day.—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr old colts and fillies, one mile out, $50 entrance, $25 forfeit; to carry a feather; name and close the Jockey Club day, at the Central Races.

SECOND DAY—TUESDAY.

First Race, a Silver Plate, valued at $300, two mile heats, the entrance money depending on the number of entries; the winner to take plate or money.

Second Race, same day.—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 yrs old, that never won a Race, one mile heats, $100 entrance, $50 forfeit; five entries and closed:

1. Col. Jas. M. Selden names b f Miss Phillips, by Sussex, dam Brunett.
2. Col. John Heath names b c Archer, by Sir Charles, dam by Lady Bollingbrook.
3. Gen. Thos. Emory names g f by John Richards, dam called Fanny Wright.
4. Also c c James C. Tilghman, by John Richards, dam by Tuckyhoe,
5. Jas. B. Kendall names c f Mary Granvill, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke.

THIRD DAY—WEDNESDAY.

Jockey Club Purse of $400, three mile heats, entrance $20.

FOURTH DAY—THURSDAY.

Jockey Club Purse of $700, four mile heats, entrance $30.

FIFTH DAY—FRIDAY.

First Race, a Purse of $200, free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland or the District of Columbia, two mile heats, entrance $15.

Second Race, same day.—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, bred or owned in Maryland or District of Columbia, two mile heats, $100 entrance, $50 forfeit; 4 subscribers and closed, viz:

1. Y. N. Oliver has not named.
2. Robert Gilmor, Jr. names g c Frederick, by Byron, dam Alicroker.
3. James S. Garrison names c c Charles Majie, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Majie.
4. James B. Kendall names b c by Henry, dam by Eclipse.

SIXTH DAY—SATURDAY.

A Trotting Race, a match for $500, two mile heats, in harness, between Mr. James Dull's b g Jack Downing, and Mr. Harry Richards' ch g Defiance.

Second Race, same day.—A Purse of $100 to be run for, one mile; the best three in five; free for all; entrance $10.

☞ The above Purses will be *paid in cash, without discount*. The Course has been improved since the last meeting, and is now in excellent order, as is also the Training Track. Ample provision has been made for the accommodation of horses visiting the course. Good Stables to accommodate sixty horses, free of charge, are in readiness. Feed of every description will be provided to accommodate those that may want. In presenting the above Bill of Fare, the Proprietor hopes it will give general satisfaction to the liberal Sportsman.

Baltimore, September, 1836 [s 24] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

EAGLE COURSE RACES, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Second Fall meeting will commence on 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov. 1836, and continue four days.

First Day.—Sweepstake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, to which will be added by Proprietors $100 on each and every horse that *starts* in the race, four or more to make a race. Subscription to close on the 18th Oct.; horses to be named at the Post.

Second Day.—Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—subscription $200, forfeit $100, to close the evening previous to the Races at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., purse added by Proprietors $100, four or more to make a race.

Third Day.—A Purse of $1000, free for all ages, four mile heats.

Fourth Day.—A Purse of $500, free for all ages, three mile heats.

Same Day.—On this day will come off the splendid TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES of $500 each, $200 forfeit, three mile heats, under the saddle, which closed on the 2d day of the First Fall meeting with the five following named celebrated horses.

Joel Conklin's Dutchman,
Peter Whelan's Steamboat,
Dr. Tyson's Lady Warrington,
C. S. Bartine's Norman Leslie,
D. Furman's Columbus.

Trenton, N. J. Oct. 13, 1836. [o15] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The New Series of the Spirit of the Times, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *upon the cover*.	$2 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*.	37½

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Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

EDWIN L. GARVIN,
PRINTER